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AUGUST 20, 1965

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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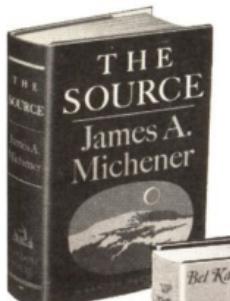
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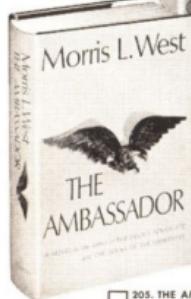
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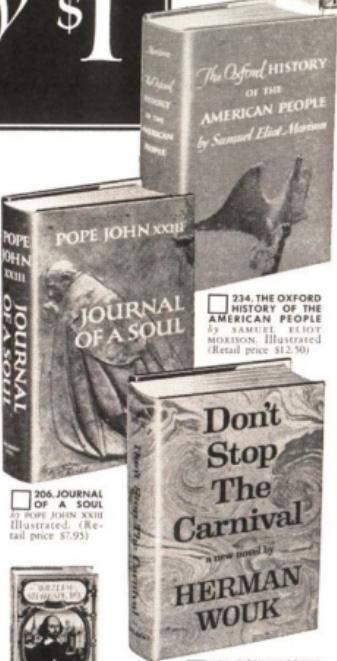
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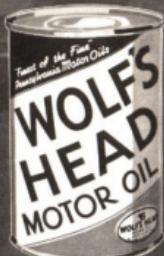
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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, August 18

WEDNESDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-10:47 p.m.)* *Hot Spell* (1958) with Shirley Booth and Anthony Quinn.

Thursday, August 19

If the tentatively scheduled Gemini-Titan 5 space shot goes as planned, it will be covered by a three-network pool (a TV first) during the 8½-day flight. Plans for live pool coverage of the recovery, however, have been postponed until G-T 6.

Friday, August 20

VACATION PLAYHOUSE (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). Tony Randall stars as a World War II foreign correspondent who's chickened out about covering the war until the enemy starts dropping eggs on him.

Saturday, August 21

N.F.L. PRESEASON GAME (CBS, 2 p.m. to conclusion). The Green Bay Packers face the Chicago Bears in Milwaukee.

A.F.L. EXHIBITION GAME (NBC, 2 p.m. to conclusion). The Buffalo Bills play the New York Jets at New Brunswick, N.J.

A.B.C.'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5:30 p.m.). The National A.A.U. swimming and diving championships in Maumee, Ohio, and the American skateboard championships in Anaheim, Calif.

Sunday, August 22

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6:30 p.m.). "Man with a Mission." Dr. Howard A. Rusk, who directs the New York Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation, Repeat.

THE ROGUES (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Charles Boyer, Robert Coote and Gladys Cooper star in an episode about teaching the true meaning of giving to a tightwad millionaire, played by John McGiver. Repeat.

Monday, August 23

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. (NBC, 8.9 p.m.). Solo and Illya tangle with Thrush's mad scientist, Elsa Lanchester. Repeat.

Tuesday, August 24

TUESDAY MOVIE SPECIAL (NBC, 8:30-11 p.m.). *Designing Woman* (M-G-M, 1957) starring Lauren Bacall as a fashion designer and Gregory Peck as a sportswriter.

THEATER

Straw Hat

Musical comedy, America's contribution to the legitimate stage, is a hardy summer theater perennial. To wit:

HYANNIS, MASS., Cape Cod Melody Tent: Again, it's *West Side Story*, Leonard Bernstein's crossbreeding of *Romeo and Juliet* and Hell's Kitchen.

BRUNSWICK, ME., Summer Playhouse: *110 in the Shade*'s non-rainmaking rainmaker fits right in with the Northeast's drought.

WOODSTOCK, N.Y., Woodstock Playhouse: *Little Mary Sunshine* (coy heroine) is threatened (tegads) with foreclosure (thiss), but (just in time) her hero comes to the rescue.

ANDOVER, N.J., Gristmill Musical Playhouse: *Damn Yankees* still keeps bringing

* All times E.D.T.

them in even though the real-life Yankees seem to have gone to the devil.

HILLSIDE, ILL., Melody Top: *Camelot*, starring Earl Wrightson.

OMAHA, Community Playhouse, and WALLINGFORD, CONN., Oakdale Musical Theater: *The King and I*.

FORT WORTH, Casa Manana: *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*; by Plautus, out of Minsk.

SAN DIEGO, Circle Arts Theater: *The Most Happy Fella*, somewhat south of the Napa Valley.

KANSAS CITY, MO., Starlight Theater: *She Loves Me* spins its cotton candy romance, with John Gary.

HIGHLAND PARK, ILL., Tenthouse Theater: Margaret Whiting and Gene Rayburn on the *Gypsy* caravan.

GAITHERSBURG, MD., Shady Grove Music Fair: *Annie Get Your Gun* has Lee Remick packing the pistols.

ANAHEIM, CALIF., Melodyland Theater: Edie Adams and Chita Rivera in *Can-Can*. DALLAS, Music Hall: *Kiss Me, Kate*, with Patrice Munsel and George Wallace.

CINEMA

DARLING. A playgirl's progress from obscurity to celebrity is charted by Director John Schlesinger (*Billy Liar*) whose brittle, jet-set satire owes much to Julie Christie's presence in the title role.

THE IMPRESS FILE. Freed from Bondage to gags and gimmickry, this British suspense yarn plays up the honest good humor in the exploits of a secret agent (Michael Caine) who saves England's top scientists from a massive brainwash.

SHIP OF FOOLS. This flashy melodrama is by Producer-Director Stanley Kramer out of Novelist Katherine Anne Porter's mordant allegory. Despite the Meaningful Dialogue they spout, Vivien Leigh, Lee Marvin, Simone Signoret and Oskar Werner make fast company for the long haul.

THESE ARE THE DAMNED. Goose bumps abound at an English coastal resort, where Director Joseph Losey (*The Servant*) brings his razzle-dazzle skills to bear on a heavily guarded secret project that is infiltrated by a tourist (MacDonald Carey) and a trolley (Shirley Anne Field).

THE KNACK. An embattled virgin (Rita Tushingham) fends off three zany British bachelors, millions of sight gags and reels of New Cinema gimmickry in Director Richard Lester's (*A Hard Day's Night*) version of the stage hit.

THE COLLECTOR. In Director William Wyler's grisly but somewhat glorified treatment of the novel by John Fowles, a lovely art student (Samantha Eggar) wages a war of nerves against a manic lepidopterist (Terence Stamp) who has locked her in a dungeon.

THESE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES. The good old days are giddily recalled in a great London-Paris air race of 1910, highlighted by a collection of flappy vintage aircraft, with Gert Frobe, Alberto Sordi and Terry-Thomas among the madcaps at the controls.

CAT BALLOU. Two no-good gunfighters (both played to perfection by Lee Marvin) brighten a way-out western about a schoolmarm (Jane Fonda) who trades reading and writing for a catch-up course in train robbery.

HIGH INFIDELITY. The perils of extramarital dalliance are polished off ever so



HOW TO TURN A PIECE OF GLASS INTO
AN ELECTRONIC CIRCUIT



Actually, of course, the circuit is there all the time. It's the pattern printed on the glass. This pattern is, however, less than one millionth of an inch thick, and is so thin you can't see it when the glass is turned on edge. It is used in the new Electronic Switching System. Western Electric is building for the Bell System communications network. □ Developed by our teammates at Bell Telephone Laboratories, these thin film circuits are remarkably compact and efficient. But producing them in volume presents Western Electric with unique manufacturing problems. For example, the thickness of the film throughout the entire circuit must not vary even one-half of one millionth of an inch! □ Solving such problems, however, is exactly what Western Electric has been doing ever since we became part of the Bell System in 1882. As the problems grow, so do our skills at solving them. That is why, today, we are able to produce the most advanced communications equipment, in volume and to the highest standards of quality and reliability. □ That's our responsibility as the manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System.

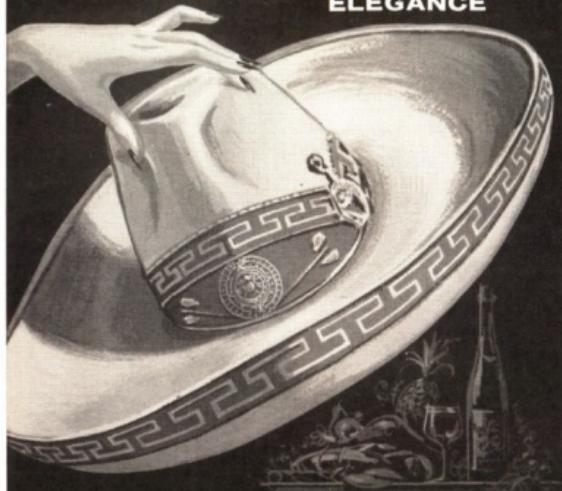


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lightly in a four-part Italian comedy dominated by a jealous but accessible wife (Monica Vitti), a discreet businessman (Nino Manfredi) and other stray mates.

BOOKS

Best Reading

REPORT TO GRECO, by Nikos Kazantzakis. The tormented Greek writer's autobiography is a powerful, personal testament and a key to the sources of his obsession with God. Kazantzakis died when the book was only in first draft, but the occasional rudeness and awkwardness show the raw energy in his creative gift.

THE LOOKING GLASS WAR, by John le Carré. The author sends another ungimicky thriller out to fight the cold war with James Bond. Grey East Germany and red-taped London are again the settings, and the spy is another drab, lonely man.

THE GARDEN OF THE FINZI-CONTINIS, by Giorgio Bassani. The author was responsible for the posthumous publication of Lampedusa's *The Leopard*, and he has learned much from the master. Bassani's gracefully written novel depicts the elegant, decadent world of a rich Jewish family and its confrontation with Fascism and death.

THE MAKEPEACE EXPERIMENT, by Abram Tertz. The pseudonymous author, a Russian satirist who smuggled out four previous novels, writes a deft parable about Communism in which a village bicycle mechanic learns to control people by "mental magnetism." With his new powers, the mechanic makes the village government "wither away," with disastrously funny results.

INTERN, by Doctor X. A young doctor's log of his internship in a city hospital is filled with continual, overlapping crises, costly mistakes and occasional triumphs.

MICHAEL FARADAY, by L. Pearce Williams. Faraday (1791-1867) was probably the greatest experimental scientist who ever lived; Williams' biography details his laborious efforts to educate himself and his triumphant advances in science—the first induction of electric current and the first dynamo.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Source*, Michener (1 last week)
2. *Up the Down Staircase*, Kaufman (2)
3. *Hotel*, Hailey (4)
4. *The Looking Glass War*, le Carré (3)
5. *The Green Berets*, Moore (6)
6. *The Ambassador*, West (5)
7. *Don't Stop the Carnival*, Wouk (7)
8. *A Pillar of Iron*, Caldwell
9. *Night of Camp David*, Knebel (8)
10. *Herzog*, Bellows (9)

NONFICTION

1. *The Making of the President*, 1964, White (1)
2. *Markings*, Hammarskjöld (3)
3. *Is Paris Burning?*, Collins and Lapierre (2)
4. *Intern*, Doctor X (5)
5. *The Oxford History of the American People*, Morison (4)
6. *Journal of a Soul*, Pope John XXIII (6)
7. *Games People Play*, Berne (7)
8. *Sixpence in Her Shoe*, McGinty (8)
9. *The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby*, Wolfe (9)
10. *My Shadow Ran Fast*, Sands



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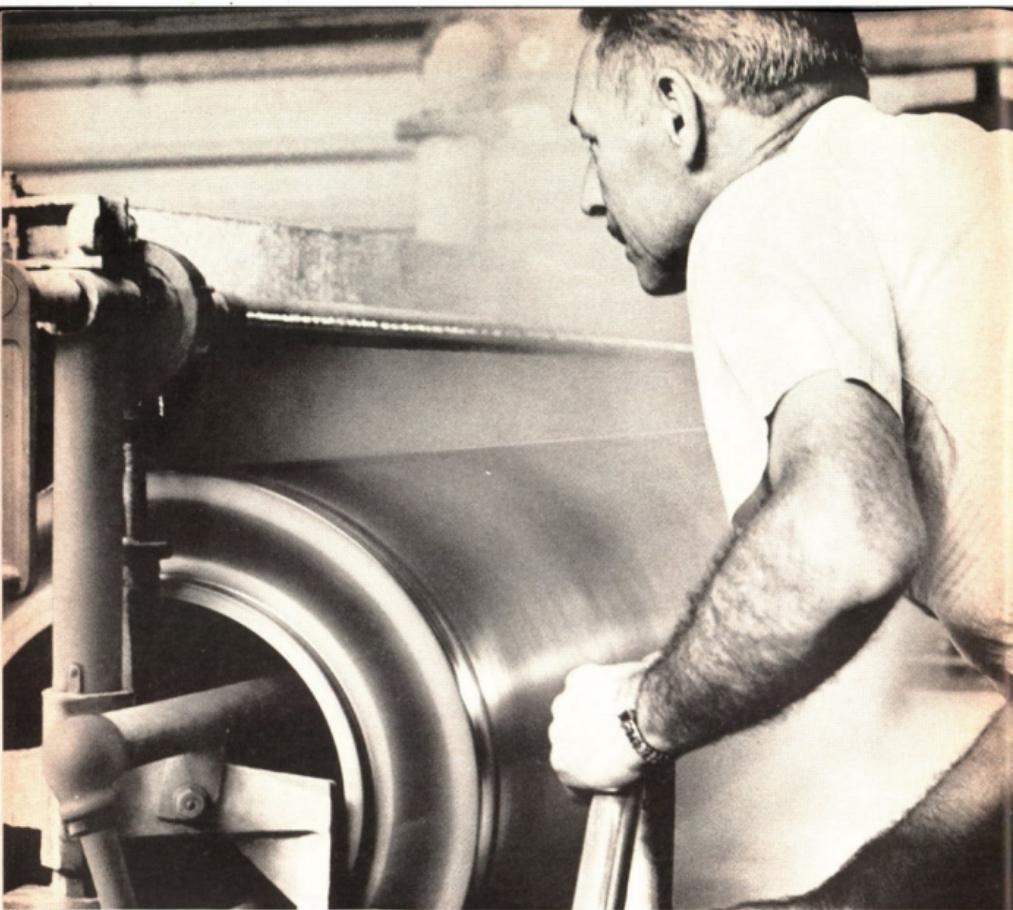
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This is everybody's concern. If higher education falls off in quality, all America will feel the difference—in the professions, in foreign relations, in spiritual influence; in business, jobs and living standards! Our colleges need equipment, of course.

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LETTERS

India & Shastri

Sir: I greatly admire your Shastri cover story [Aug. 13]. Thanks to you, Americans will learn a great deal about India, especially about Prime Minister Shastri's ability to lead his country.

BILL DESHPANDE

Oklahoma City

Sir: I was horrified to "learn" that Nehru "could barely speak Hindi." Nehru could speak Hindi as barely as Winston Churchill could speak English.

GAUTAM N. SHAH

Cincinnati

► TIME should have said "rarely spoke."

Sir: Please accept my congratulations. It is good that you have neither spared criticism nor yielded to any temptation to exaggerate some of our minor successes. I must, however, disagree with your statement: "India without Nehru stands dispirited and disillusioned." After the death of a dynamic Prime Minister or President, it is not unusual for a country to feel orphaned and disillusioned for a short time. But there has been a tremendous release of pent-up energy in India that will carry it forward for years, and the cause will find its leader. A temporary food shortage and a border invasion do not change the pride or mental attitude of a people with 5,000 years of civilization behind them. British rule in India was punctuated by periodic famines. Conditions are better today, although no one has any illusions about the size of the tasks ahead.

B. MRITYUNJAYAN

Boston

Nuclear Proliferation

Sir: I have read with great interest your Essay on nuclear proliferation [July 23]. You are kind enough to refer to my novel, *Commander-1*, which sets forth a plot by which Red China could destroy the U.S. and Russia. The Essay is beautifully written and extremely thought-provoking. It is important that a magazine of your status should devote space to the world's greatest problem. Your Essay presents, without bias, the arguments of both sides in the world dilemma. I lean heavily toward the U.S. views, but it is encouraging to see this matter discussed without prejudice. This is journalism at its finest.

PETER GEORGE

Sussex, England

The Writing of Secret History

Sir: Reading from the works of Presidential Pundits White and Schlesinger [July 30], I find that, like Jonathan Swift in *Gulliver's Travels*, I have "discovered" the roguery and ignorance of those who pretend to write anecdotes, or secret history; who send so many kings to their graves with a cup of poison; will repeat the discourse between a prince and chief minister, where no witness was by; unlock the thoughts and cabinets of ambassadors and secretaries of state; and have the perpetual misfortune to be mistaken."

EDWARD E. VAILL

Washington, D.C.

The Right to Work

Sir: As one of the 21 Republican Congressmen who voted for repeal of Section 14(b), permitting states to enact right-to-

work laws, I disagree with your statement that as a result of our vote, "in any firm where a union persuades—or forces—management to agree to a union shop, a worker who does not join the union within 30 days can be fired" [Aug. 6]. What Senator Taft proposed in 1947, and what Congress did in the Taft-Hartley Act, was to permit unions and management to negotiate (if they desired) for a contract clause requiring all employees to pay fees and dues to the union for services rendered. This provision was designed to take care of the "free ride," i.e., the employee who accepted union benefits and services without paying his share of union costs.

I hope this will help explain the House vote to repeal Section 14(b), a vote which will end the right-to-work prohibition against free bargaining by management and labor to require employees in an organized plant to pay their fair share for the benefits won by majority action.

THOMAS M. PELLY

House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

Retaliation Promised

Sir: TIME, along with about 90% of all news media, appears to be pulling down the paper curtain on the murder of a fine young man by Negro hoodlums in Americus, Ga. [Aug. 6]. If he had been a black or white agitator, the bloody shirt would have been waved from cover to cover. Although I know not a single citizen of Americus, I resent your calling them "raucous rubes." Why don't you characterize the troublemakers as "the motley mob?"

We are fed up with their antics in disrupting traffic and restraint of trade, but this senseless murder is the last straw. Do you damyankees think we are a bunch of vegetables to lie down and take this invasion of our homeland without retaliating? If so, you might be in for a rude awakening. For all their hypocritical preaching of "nonviolence," violence is all they understand, and they just might get more than they are barking for some day soon.

MARY HAMMOND

Atlanta

Books, Summer & Otherwise

Sir: Some reflections on your telling Essay [Aug. 13]: Could it be that the "heavy" reading taken on vacations is a subconscious reaction to the trivia bombarding Americans daily through the mass media? Does this daily diet of "light" entertainment dull—or prevent the develop-

ment of ability to read thought-provoking literature, thus accounting for the few great books finished on vacations?

MRS. DAVID L. THOMAS

Urbana, Ill.

Sir: Your summer reading game lacks the fun of those created by Parker Brothers, since the price of victory is too high. As I understand it, anything merely enjoyable is out because one should get points only for hard work—that is, for a long-winded book on a long-dead subject. Also keeping me awake nights is this puzzle: How can I find a copy of *Doctor No* with thick enough pages and big enough print to hide my *Doctor Zhivago*? As of now, I see no way out; I intend to tackle Pasternak right out in the open, breeze through a few Bonds even though I think they've been discovered, maybe read that point-losing Michener book, and ignore *Life History of the Striped Bass* (*Roccus saxatilis*).

FREDERICK R. GAENSLEN

Milwaukee

Sir: I am enormously grateful to TIME for its generous allotment of space to Dante and me [July 9], and I thought the story came out beautifully. Heartiest congratulations to whoever wrote it.

TIME, in its passage, brings all things

Nor is its measure scanty;

Mark how melodiously it sings

Of our great master, Dante!

THOMAS G. BERGIN

New Haven, Conn.

Words & Music

Sir: I read with interest your article on Wieland Wagner's work [Aug. 6]. Wieland's productions are stripping away the excess fat that has worked its way into Wagner's work since his death. Wieland's productions of *Parzival* have been the most impressive and moving even mounted. Wieland's scenery is in keeping with Wagner's own philosophy that darkness offers comfort, peace and rest, while harsh light is to be feared. It is quite possible that when Wieland finishes at the Met in 1966, American audiences may finally abandon the fluffy Italian monstrosities in favor of Wagner's masterpieces. Then the critics who have been screaming about a "Wagnerdämmerung" will be reminded that *Dämmerung* also means dawn.

JAMES W. SCHMIDT

Woodbury, N.J.

Absolution by Telephone?

Sir: For goodness' sake, tell your Religion editor that not every whimsical rumor circulated among Catholics need be

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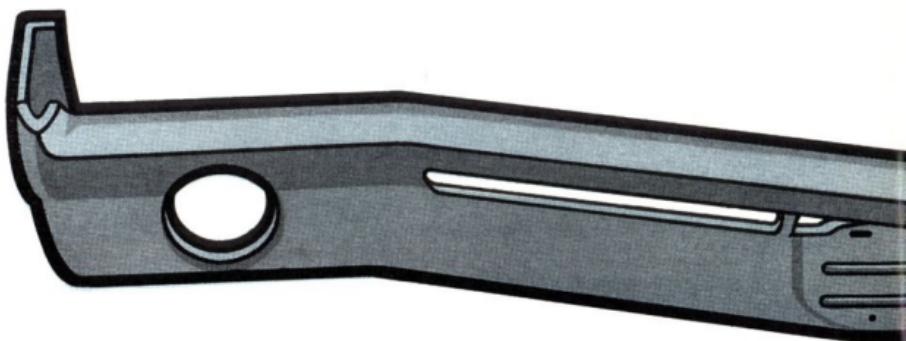
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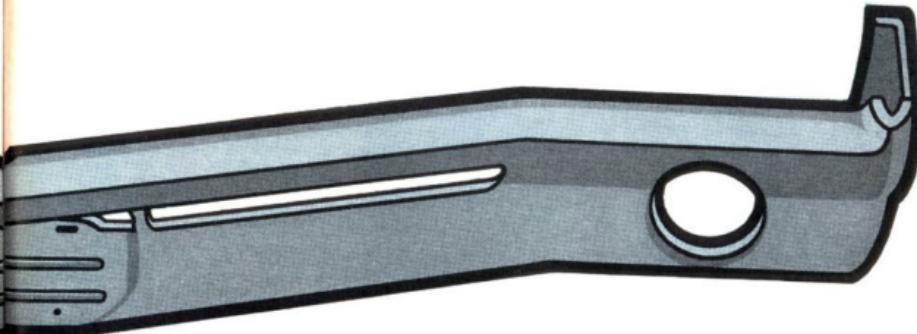
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published. Catholics know they do not have to confess every time they receive Communion [Aug. 6]. The majority have no serious problems of conscience as to the gravity of this or that sin but if these so-called "deep thinkers" continue their delight in breaking down accepted practices of the church, we priests will set up a telephone exchange or a tape to reel off the absolution.

COMMANDER H. T. LAVIN
Catholic Chaplain
U.S. Naval Amphibious Base
Norfolk, Va.

Prelude to Action

Sir: TIME is to be congratulated for its coverage of the White House Conference on Education [July 30]. More than one news magazine failed to see the forest for the trees; critics expected immediate results. TIME properly saw the conference as a "prelude to a new push."

A. G. BARBER JR.

History Department
Perkiomen School
Pennsburg, Pa.

Sir: In your picture of the White House conferees, you identify the second man from the left as Eli Ginzberg. When this man was born, in 1919, I named him Lyle Morgan Nelson.

GUY C. NELSON

Chicago

► A wise father.

Young Dr. Cureton

Sir: You failed to mention that Dr. Thomas K. Cureton Jr. [Aug. 6], pictured running on his powerfully built legs and calves, is 61 years young.

ROBERT S. DAVIS

Los Angeles

Hostile Hostels

Sir: Hotel Designer William Benjamin Tabler and his moneysaving ideas [Aug. 6] intrigued me. Permit me to suggest a few more such economies. Instead of a bed, supply a cot 3 ft. by 6 ft. suspended from the wall. The room need then be only one foot wider and longer than the cot. Instead of linen, disposable paper sheets, pillow slips and towels. A stall shower supplants the tub, and a faucet on the wall of the compartment replaces the lavatory. The room may be illuminated from the hall via a transom. Properly placed, four rooms may thus be illuminated by one lamp, thereby effecting a considerable saving.

S. W. BURNETT

Chicago

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

August 20, 1965 Vol. 86, No. 8

THE NATION

RACES

Trigger of Hate

[See Cover]

Far out at sea, mariners puzzled over a molten glow in the eastern sky. Over the roar of the freeway, motorists heard the unmistakable crack of rifle fire, the chilling stutter of machine guns. Above city hall, billowing smoke from 1,000 fires hung like a cement. From the air, whole sections of the sprawling city looked as if they had been blitzed.

The atmosphere reminded soldiers of embattled Saigon. Yet this, last week, was Los Angeles—the City of Angels, the “safe city,” as its boosters like to call it, the city that has always taken pride in its history of harmonious racial relations.

Savagery replaced harmony with nightmarish sadness. One evening white Angelenos had nothing to worry about but the humidity. The next—and for four nights after that—marauding mobs in the Negro suburb of Watts pilaged, burned and killed, while 500 policemen and 5,000 National Guardsmen struggled vainly to contain their fury. Hour after hour, the toll mounted: 27 dead at week's end, nearly 600 injured, 1,700 arrested, property damage well over \$100 million. Minute by minute, police radios logged a Wellsian catalogue of carnage: “Manchester and Broadway, a mob of 1,000 . . . Shots at Avalon and Imperial . . . Vernon and Central, looting . . . Yellow cab overturned . . . Man pulled from car on Imperial Highway . . . 88th and Broadway, gun battle . . . Officer in trouble.”

The riot was the worst in the city's history, one of the worst ever in the U.S. To help quell it, California's Governor Pat Brown broke off a vacation in Greece and hurried home. “From here it is awfully hard to direct a war,” said Brown. “That's what this is.”

Block Channel. The war's major battleground was a 20-sq.-mi. ghetto, Watts is the kind of community that cries out for urban renewal, poverty programs, job training. Almost anything would help. Two-thirds of its residents have less than a high school education; one-eighth of them are technically illiterate. Only 13% of the homes have been built since 1939—the rest are decaying and dilapidated. Nearly 30% of the children are from broken homes; their dropout rate is 2.2 times the city's average,

and prison parolees, prostitutes, narcotics addicts and drunks live among them. Over a recent three-month period, cops reported 96 felonious crimes, including murders, rapes and assaults. The David Starr Jordan High School, which serves Watts, is not legally segregated; yet its student body is 99% Negro.

Watts is a slum—but not in the Eastern sense. There are no rows of multiple-story tenements or concrete canyons. Its streets are generally broad, occasionally tree-lined and bordered by dusty lawns. Its dwellings are mostly one- and two-story frame and stucco houses. But in the small rented houses and apartments, money-short Negroes often crowd four and five families; children are left alone while parents work, and youths roam the streets seeking relief from the monotony of daily life.

Watts is part of the Black Channel, a 72-square-mile area that houses 90% of Los Angeles County's 600,000 Negroes. It is the “hard,” unchanging ghetto, a traditional portal for Negroes

migrating to Los Angeles. Few of its people are native Californians. Of the 1.5 million Negroes who have fled the South in the past decade, one out of four went to California; thousands settled in Watts. There they were trapped among their own kind, smothered in their own ignorance of a new way of life, drowned in their frustration. “What they know about sheriffs and police is Bull Conner and Jim Clark,” says Los Angeles Municipal Judge Loren Miller, a Negro. “The people distrust the police and the police distrust the people. They move in a constant atmosphere of hate.”

This was the atmosphere, largely unsuspected by most Angelenos, in which last week's fury erupted. The chronology:

WEDNESDAY

At 7:45 p.m., two white California highway patrol officers spotted a car weaving recklessly around the southeast Los Angeles slum districts. After a six-block chase, the troopers halted the car in Watts—and arrested its Negro driver, Marquette Frye, 21. Out of



WATTS WOMAN SHRIEKING AT WHITE POLICE
Not guilty of interfering with an officer.

HELL IN THE CITY OF ANGELS



JULIAN WASSER

POLICEMAN GUARDING CAPTURED LOOTERS



STEALING SHOES FROM STORE WINDOW



NATIONAL GUARDSMEN PATROL THE RUBBLE





PILLAGED FURNITURE STORE BLAZING OUT OF CONTROL

AP



PLAYING WITH RIFLED CASH REGISTER

AP



FLAMING BUILDINGS IN SOUTHEAST LOS ANGELES
"Burn, baby, burn!"

Frye's nearby home came his mother, scolding her son for being drunk. In front of some 25 other Negroes standing near by, Frye started to struggle with the patrolmen. "You're not going to take me to jail," Officer Lee Minikus quoted him as saying. "You're going to have to take me the hard way."

As the crowd grew, Minikus' partner radioed for help and Minikus drew his revolver. Then, the officer reported later, Frye jumped in front of him and shouted, "Go ahead, kill me!" A backup patrolman arrived and, with shotgun at the ready, held the crowd at bay while Minikus and his partner hustled Frye, a brother and their mother off to the station. Frye later pleaded guilty to drunken driving; his brother pleaded guilty to battery and interfering with officers; but their mother pleaded not guilty to a charge of interfering with an officer.

"I Got Mad." Back in Watts, the crowd had gone wild. Negroes insisted that the officers had beaten and kicked Frye into the squad car. Said Richard Brice, who operates a corner grocery: "This officer had this man handcuffed in the car and the man was trying to fight. The officer took his club and kept jamming it into his stomach. When that happened, all the people standing around got mad. And I got mad. It's just too bad the officer couldn't have driven away and then struck the man. His action was breeding violence."

Police denied that there was any brutality. But as word of the arrest spread, the crowd quickly grew, and became steadily angrier, egged on by Negro hoodlums. Soon it numbered some 1,500, and Negro youths started throwing rocks at stores and passing cars in an eight-square-block area. Motorists were bombarded with empty bottles, slabs of concrete, rocks, bricks, nuts, bolts, boards and chunks of asphalt torn from the pavement. More than 100 hel-

meted police poured into the area; under orders not to use tear gas on the rioters, they chased them with billy clubs. The police, nearly all white, only infuriated the mob. Said one Negro girl: "There was one Negro officer there. He was trying to talk to us. He got us calmed down. Then all these white cops came. They pulled out their shotguns and clubs and the whole thing started again." Some Negroes charged that the police seemed eager to stir resentment. Said Bobby Daniels, 23, who was returning from a fishing trip: "We got out of the car and these 15 officers ran up to us. They jabbed us in the back with clubs and told us to get off the street. They pushed us down and jumped on us, laughing about it."

In retaliation, gangs of Negroes overturned, burned or damaged 50 vehicles, including two fire trucks. Not until dawn did the crowd disperse. The first night's toll: 19 policemen and 16 civilians injured, 34 persons arrested.

THURSDAY

Most undamaged stores opened for business as usual. Throughout the day, knots of young Negroes clustered on street corners discussing the previous night's excitement, speculating about the night to come. Boasted one teen-age boy: "Anyone with any sense will stay out of here tonight. We're really going to show those cops." They did just that. By midnight, some 7,000 rioters were swarming through the streets, smashing anything they could find in an area that had spread to 20 square blocks of Watts and environs. By now, 900 city policemen, deputy sheriffs and state highway patrolmen were on duty, but again they were overrun; though they had been given long-range tear-gas guns, they were told again not to use them until ordered to.

Anarchy on Avalon. During the day the rioters had apparently prepared stockpiles of Molotov cocktails, which

they hurled on any inviting target. Fires blazed in liquor stores, in a church, in overturned cars, in piles of debris along Avalon Boulevard, a major highway. Fire trucks and ambulances delayed entering the area for fear of flying missiles—while false alarms from rioters tried to lure more of them in as targets. White drivers were dragged from their cars and beaten. After looting pawnshops, hardware and war surplus stores for weapons, the Negroes brandished thousands of rifles, shotguns, pistols and machetes. When fire trucks came to extinguish three burning cars at Avalon and Imperial Highway, they were driven back by gunfire. Later, when grocery store at the same intersection was set ablaze, the firemen could not get through until 50 armed policemen cleared a corridor.

Robert Richardson, a Negro advertising salesman who spent hours in the riot area that night, marveled that "anyone with a white skin got out of there alive. Every time a car with whites in it entered the area, word spread like lightning down the street: 'Here comes Whitey—get him!' The older people would stand in the background, egging on the teen-agers and the people in their early 20s. Then young men and women would rush in and pull white people from their cars and beat them and try to set fire to their cars."

When two white men were attacked, one was so badly beaten that an eyeball was hanging out of its socket. "Some Negro ministers carried both men into an apartment building and called an ambulance," said Richardson. "The crowd called the ministers hypocrites. They cursed them and spit on them."

"He's Blood." Whenever rioters attacked whites, Richardson wrote, bystanders shouted, "Kill! Kill!" Even light-skinned Negroes occasionally found themselves targets until someone would shout, "Lay off, he's blood." Negro shop owners posted signs pleading: "This is a Negro-owned business" or "Blood Brother"—but many of these also were pillaged by the mobs. After the looting began, Richardson reported, "everybody started drinking, even little kids eight or nine years old. The rioters knew they had the upper hand. They seemed to sense that neither the police nor anyone else could stop them." One who tried was Negro comedian Dick Gregory, an ardent leader of Southern civil rights demonstrations. Dropping by the riot area after an evening's nightclub performance in nearby Ontario, Gregory asked if he could have a try at quieting the mobs. Police took him to a hot spot, handed him a bullhorn. Gregory had uttered only a few words when a bullet ploughed into his leg.

All through the second night, the mob rampaged through a vastly expanded area, barricading the streets with ripped-up, cement-anchored bus benches.

From early morning, rioters surged through the streets screaming imprecations at "Whitiey," "blue-eyed devils," "Okies" and "Crackers." Before picking up a rock and smashing a passing white man on the head, one Negro youth explained to two Negro newsmen: "This is just what the police wanted—always messin' with niggers. We'll show 'em. I'm ready to die if I have to."

Even in daylight, Negroes congregated on all four corners of intersections waiting for whites. As they attacked, many cried, "This is for Selma" or "This is for Bogalusa." Young Negroes in late-model convertibles took command of the streets, screaming "Burn, baby, burn!", a hipster term popularized locally by "the Magnificent Montague," a Negro disk jockey. Ring leaders identified themselves by holding up three fingers on the right hand signifying that they were true "to the cause of the black brotherhood."

Radios & Rugs. Suddenly the mob turned its energies to looting. Even women, children and grandparents joined the orgy of rapine. As soon as any store was bare, it was set afire. At 103rd Street and Compton Avenue, a mob methodically sacked a whole row of shops. The plunderers carted off radios, TV sets, clothing, lamps, air conditioners, rugs, musical instruments. A little boy of eight or nine sat sobbing his heart out on a pawnshop shelf. Every time he took a radio, he whimpered, somebody bigger snatched it away from him. Reported Negro Photographer Jimmy Thompson: "They don't even know why they're doing it any more. They're taking stuff they don't even need." But one rallying cry never failed: "We're paying Whitey back!"

A shirtless youth boasted: "Man, I got clothes for days. I'm gonna be clean." He added breathlessly: "Tonight they're gonna git a furniture store on Manchester and Broadway, and you know I'm gonna be there." "Safeway's open!" someone shouted as the crowd ripped off huge sheets of plywood that had been hurriedly installed over the plate glass windows of a nearby supermarket. Looters swarmed into the store like ants, hauling out case after case until the shelves were bare. Then the huge, block-long structure was engulfed by flames.

The looters took anything they could move and destroyed anything that they couldn't. One booty-laden youth said defiantly: "That don't look like stealing to me. That's just picking up what you need and going." Gesturing at a fashionable hilltop area where many well-to-do Negroes live, he said: "Them living up in View Park don't need it. But we down here, we do need it." One of the riot leaders, a biochemistry graduate, was carting out cases of vodka from a liquor store when he was approached by a Negro newsmen. Said he: "I'm a fanatic for riots; I just love

them. I've participated in two in Detroit, but they were far, far better than this one. In Detroit, blood flowed in the streets." Gazing fondly back at flames billowing from a nearby supermarket, he marveled: "Oh man, look at that! Isn't it wonderful? Isn't it pretty? Oh man, just look at it!"

Though the city's authorities later indicted state officials for their tardy response to appeals for help, they too at first seemed curiously unperturbed by the mounting casualty lists. Not until Friday did Mayor Sam Yorty take to the radio to address the rioters, and then his appeal was an irrelevant plea to parents—if any were listening—to "know and supervise the whereabouts of your children."

Only at 11 a.m. Friday did Yorty approve Police Chief William Parker's request, made the previous day, to summon the California National Guard. But Democratic Governor Pat Brown was vacationing in Greece, and Lieutenant Governor Glenn M. Anderson cautiously insisted from Sacramento that he

would have to size up the situation at firsthand before sending in troops. Finally it was Brown, reached in Athens, who called out the Guard and ordered an 8 p.m. curfew.

The decision to call in troops came too late to stop an orgy of destruction that thrashed higher than ever. The rioting spread over 150 square blocks, and the roving mobs multiplied so fast that police quit trying to estimate their numbers. Molotov cocktails kindled 70 new fires. Police and news helicopters were fired upon. Miraculously, there had been no deaths so far, but shortly before 9 p.m. Deputy Sheriff Ronald Ernest Ludlow, 27, was shot in the stomach by looters, and died on his way to the hospital. For the first time the Los Angeles police opened fire on their assailants.

A 20-year-old Negro died of a bullet wound in a hospital in the area as a rampaging mob outside blocked an anesthesiologist from reaching him. On South Central Avenue, many miles from the original riot scene, police shot

NEGRO LEADERS ON VIOLENCE

Leaders of the major civil rights organizations have made nonviolence both a creed and a potent psychological weapon of their campaign. But few were surprised by last week's eruptions. Many Negro leaders, in fact, had long warned that violence is an inevitable if unwelcome weapon in their struggle. Some of their statements, past and present:

BAYARD RUSTIN, who planned the 1963 march on Washington: "I think the real cause is that Negro youth—jobless, hopeless—does not feel a part of American society. The major job we have is to find them work, decent housing, education, training, so they can feel a part of the structure. People who feel a part of the structure do not attack it. The job of the Negro leadership is to prevent riots before they start."

Martin Luther King, in Miami at week's end: "I strongly deplore the violence. It is absolutely wrong, socially detestable and self-defeating. On the other hand, I equally deplore the continuation of ghetto life that millions of Negroes have to live in. They are in hopeless despair, and they feel they have no stake in society."

New Yorker Whitney Young Jr., executive director of the Urban League: "It's not enough to deplore the violence. This is but a symptom."

Jesse Gray, leader of the rent strikes in Harlem during 1963: "We need 100 skilled black revolutionaries, dedicated men ready to die. We must make each a platoon captain, and each must get 100 more. New York can be changed by 50,000 well-organized Negroes. They can determine what will happen to the city."

Harlem Politician Percy Sutton: "If you tell the white man you're not going to give up anything to fight the white man with."

N.A.A.C.P.'s Roy Wilkins, Louisville, 1963: "The Negro citizen does not subscribe to violence as a method of securing his rights. But he has come to the point where he is not afraid of violence. He will assert himself, and if violence comes, so be it."

Representative Adam Clayton Powell, at a Black Muslim rally in 1963 in New York: "Anything we get we will have to fight for, to seize for ourselves. We will invade the white man's heaven, the United States."

James Foreman, then executive secretary of S.N.C.C., in August 1963: "There's going to be a considerable amount of violence if major changes are not made. I daresay that 85% of the Negro population, if not 95%, does not adhere to nonviolence or does not believe in it."

Negro Author Louis Lomax: "The Negro masses are angry and restless, tired of prolonged legal battles that end in paper decrees."

Author James Baldwin: "To be a Negro in this country and to be relatively conscious is to be in a rage almost all the time."



LOOTERS LUGGING LAMPS FROM FURNITURE STORE
Weapons from pawnshops, hardware and surplus stores.

and killed a Negro looter. Said a National Guard officer: "It's going to be like Viet Nam."

Machine Guns & Bayonets. That night, 2,000 helmeted National Guardsmen from the 40th Armored Division rolled into the riot zone in convoys led by Jeeps with mounted machine guns. Officers set up a command post at Riis High School, while infantrymen, advancing with bayonets at the ready, fanned out through the littered streets and assembled .50-cal. machine guns on tripods at intersections. Their first challenge came from an unlighted car that barreled down on a line of troops, hitting and seriously injuring one man. Nearby county marshals halted the vehicle with crackling rifle fire and the Negro driver was killed. After being fired on by pistols and a rifle, one Guard unit opened up for ten minutes with a machine gun on a band of rioters, sent them fleeing.

SATURDAY

By midday, the number of Guardsmen patrolling the area had swelled to 4,000 and 700 more were being flown in from Fresno. They set about "sweeping" three separate zones totaling 40 blocks; the largest was a section of Watts bounded by Century Boulevard, Central Avenue, Compton Avenue, and 103rd and 104th Streets. Forming a skirmish line that extended across a street from sidewalk to sidewalk, and carrying M-1 and M-14 rifles with drawn bayonets, the Guardsmen stalked abreast down the street while police and deputy sheriffs followed them, arresting anyone on the street.

Guardsmen killed a second Negro whom they found looting a store. An-

other of the Negro victims killed had incredibly taken up a position on a rooftop overlooking Watts's 77th Street precinct station. As he directed sniper fire at police and soldiers below, a Guardsman wheeled, drilled him cleanly through the head with a rifle bullet.

But the war-weary police were still doing most of the yeomen work. They shot four looters dead in stores they were sacking, fought a pitched gun battle with several others holed up in a garage; the rioters emerged carrying a wounded woman and waving a white flag. Gradually hemmed in, the rioters attempted to regroup elsewhere, started appearing in widely separated areas of Los Angeles County as far as 10 miles from the original battleground.

Threatening bands of Negroes roamed as far west as La Brea Avenue, little more than a mile from hallowed Beverly Hills. Panic seeped through the whole vast city. From Van Nuys to Long Beach, nervous housewives traded rumors of new eruptions. Most citizens stayed home, and the thrumming, gash-metropolis seemed unnervingly still. In neighborhoods surrounding the riot center, frightened whites—and some Negroes—were queuing up at sporting-goods stores to buy guns. At an Inglewood store, Owner Bob Ketcham reported selling 75 shotguns and rifles in one day, added: "They're buying every kind of weapon—guns, knives, bows and arrows, even slingshots."

Though they now risked being shot, gangs of looters were still burning stores and houses. The Fire Department announced that 1,000 fires had been set, 300 of them major. At least 200 stores had been burned to the ground; along

one four-block stretch not a shop remained standing.

From his Texas ranch, the President branded the disorders "tragic and shocking." Said Lyndon Johnson: "I urge every person in a position of leadership to make every effort to restore order in Los Angeles." As Pat Brown hurried home, Johnson dispatched LeRoy Collins, former director of the Federal Government's Community Relations Service, and White House Assistant Lee White to confer with the Governor on his arrival in New York, and offer federal cooperation in any additional measures that might be needed to restore peace to the City of Angels.

At week's end the Federal Government agreed to transport up to 6,000 additional Guardsmen from northern California. By Sunday night, officials planned to have at least 10,000 troops on the scene. In addition, the Pentagon ordered into Los Angeles an 840-man U.S. Marine Reserve detachment. The marines were equipped with 40,000 rounds of ammunition.

Like bubbles in hot asphalt, violence popped up elsewhere across the land. The next serious outburst erupted in Chicago. It, too, started with an incident that might have passed unnoticed in a less volatile time. Answering what turned out to be a false alarm in Garfield Park, a Negro neighborhood about five miles west of the Loop, a speeding hook-and-ladder truck knocked down a sign pole, killing Desie Mae Williams, 23, a Negro. It was a bad setting for such an accident. Only a month earlier, a militant civil rights group called ACT had led 60 marchers to the West Garfield firehouse to demand that the all-white company hire Negroes. After Desie Williams' death last week, some 200 Negroes gathered around the firehouse, shouting, jeering and throwing rocks. They taunted the firemen by setting small piles of debris ablaze, hurled a Molotov cocktail onto the roof of a mobile classroom across the street. Heaving missiles and assaulting whites, the crowd spread over a twelve-block area before it was dispersed. Seven persons were injured, among them four police men hit by bricks and bottles.

Not Satisfied. Next morning the Fire Department suspended the fire-truck driver and the company's captain—and shifted a predominantly Negro company to the firehouse. But the disorders flared even higher that day, possibly fanned by a leaflet distributed by ACT that proclaimed: "DRUNKEN WHITE FIREMAN KILLS BLACK WOMAN"—prefaced in minute type: "Allegedly."

The second-day riot lasted for nine hours; 18 policemen and 42 civilians were hospitalized, 105 persons jailed. The FBI was investigating the origin of another, anonymous leaflet distributed in the area. "After years of frame-ups, brutality and intimidation," it said, "the black people are throwing off the control of the same rulers who are making war on working people throughout the world—in Viet Nam, the Dominican

Republic and the Congo." At week's end Chicago—where civil rights groups have long campaigned against Mayor Richard Daley and School Superintendent Benjamin Willis—was quiet. But Governor Otto Kerner, at the request of Chicago police, ordered 2,000 Illinois National Guardsmen into the city to stand by in armories in case of further trouble.

Then Springfield. Violence then leap-frogged east to the rifle manufacturing city of Springfield, Mass. Trouble had been brewing since last month, when police arrested 17 Negroes during a disturbance outside a night club. A crowd of 300 accused the officers of brutality and attacked them with bottles and rocks. Last week 23 persons, 18 Negroes and five whites, including a 46-year-old white lawyer's wife, began a 24-hour-a-day sit-in at city hall, ostensibly to protest the fact that the cops had not been transferred to another area pending an investigation.

After four days, police hauled the demonstrators off to jail. That night two youths hurled gasoline bombs into two white-owned stores, wreaking damage estimated at \$30,000. At week's end, amid mounting tension, 250 singing, clapping demonstrators held a CORE-sponsored rally in the Negro section's Winchester Square. Afterward, 25 were arrested when they adjourned to another square for a sit-in. Vowed Mayor Charles Ryan: "There is still a government in this city. It's the government that's going to decide when rules and regulations, reasonable at all times, are going to be imposed."

Lack of Communication. Public officials across the U.S. could doubtless sympathize with Mayor Ryan's words. Most responsible Negro leaders also fear that such insensate outbursts of

anarchy can only discredit the Negro's legitimate struggle for civil rights.

What caused the disorders? There were as many explanations as there were points of view. In Los Angeles, "the long, hot summer" was blamed—as it was in Harlem last year—and not without reason: the rioting broke out on the fourth day of an unusual heat wave in which Angelenos sweltered in humid 90°-to-100° temperatures night and day. A deeper source of irritation for urban Negroes is their isolation and poverty in a land of conspicuous plenty. Undeniably, also, there is a "lack of communication" between whites and blacks, between responsible Negroes and the predominantly white police force.

Watts only too plainly lacks Negro leadership—except for the hotheaded who could whip up last week's passions. Yet the Los Angeles Negro is incomparably better off than his cousin back home in the South. The biggest single cause for his rage and frustration lies probably in the very fact of his migration to an alien and fiercely competitive urban world in which the Negro's past miseries and future expectations have been callously exploited.

Police Chief Parker squarely blames civil rights leaders for honing the Negro's sense of oppression. Says he: "Terrible conflicts are building up within these people. You can't keep telling them that the Liberty Bell isn't ringing for them and not expect them to believe it. You cannot tell people to disobey the law and not expect them to have a disrespect for the law. You cannot keep telling them that they are being abused and mistreated without expecting them to react." Riots such as those in Los Angeles have no real object—and therein lies the pity and the danger.

CIVIL RIGHTS Trigger of Hope

In the dusty courthouse squares and drowsy side streets of the Deep South, a continent away from the roiling slums of Los Angeles, other Negroes last week played out a quiet drama that rated few headlines, but will loom large in U.S. history, nonetheless. For in the Old Confederacy, under protection of the newly adopted Voting Rights Act, black Americans were finally claiming freedom's fundamental right. They were registering to vote.

In a way, the opposed tableaux—rioting and registering—were interwoven. Denied for nearly a century the enfranchisement that was vouchsafed them by the 15th Amendment, deprived as well of all the benefits that flow from political power, the Deep South's Negroes have for decades sought a better life elsewhere: in the slums of Harlem, Detroit, Chicago, Washington, D.C.—and Los Angeles. Now there was at least a hope of change and perhaps a reason to stay.

With Dispatch. Grasping at that hope, thousands of Negroes were flocking to register in the nine counties in Alabama, Louisiana and Mississippi where the Government has posted federal examiners to implement the voting law. They came last week in battered autos and chartered buses and on foot. And they waited. Even when registrars assured them, "We'll be here past today—we'll be here a long time," they still waited. They had, after all, waited a long while for this moment.

Their patience was rewarded. In four days, 41 federal registrars added 6,998 Negro voters to the rolls in counties where there had previously been only 3,857. Beamed U.S. Attorney General Nicholas deBellevile Katzenbach, 43, who played a central role in drafting the Voting Rights Act and was now directing the effort to make it work: "We're doing very well."

Katzenbach had good reason to feel elated. Normally, congressional bills, like architects' blueprints, take a maddeningly long time to move from drafting board to concrete reality. Not this bill. When President Johnson signed it Aug. 6, he promised to enforce it with "dispatch," and Katzenbach went at the job with crackling alacrity.

Dead-End Counties. Under the law's "automatic trigger" formula, the Government is empowered to send federal examiners into Alabama, Alaska, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, South Carolina and Virginia, plus 26 North Carolina counties and Arizona's Apache County, where literacy tests have been in use and where less than 50% of the voting-age population took part in the 1964 elections.

The urgent problem was: Which counties to choose? Justice Department lawyers labored over briefs and memos detailing the voting histories of key



BURNED-UP BLOCK IN WATTS

To an alien world and exploited expectations.



NEGROES REGISTERING IN GREENSBORO, ALA.
They had, after all, waited a long while.

counties. A few worked on suits that were filed last week against the poll taxes in Alabama, Texas and Virginia; Mississippi, the only other state still requiring a poll tax for state and local elections, had already been slapped with a suit just 25 hours after Lyndon Johnson signed the act.

Armed with a stack of memos, Katzenbach spent a full day conferring with his aides as the list of target counties grew from ten to 18 to 24, then shrank again. At first they marked Georgia's Sumter County for action, largely because of the recent demonstrations in Americus. But when fast-moving state officials sent Negro registrars to the town and in two days reported 647 Negro enrollments, Sumter was dropped.

Alabama's Dallas County, home of Selma and of Sheriff Jim Clark, was a surefire candidate for the list. Another notorious "dead-end county," in Justice Department parlance, was Alabama's Lowndes, where a white civil rights worker, Mrs. Viola Liuzzo, was murdered last spring—and where, until March, not a single Negro was registered. Top priority went to Louisiana's Plaquemines Parish, where Segregationist Boss Leander Perez has kept civil rights workers at a safe distance by converting a swampy, snake-infested one-time Spanish fort on the Mississippi River into a concentration camp in anticipation of "racial demonstrators." Said Katzenbach: "If you are going to send examiners into Louisiana and don't send them into Plaquemines, then they can say you haven't any guts."

Same as Whites. In the nine gut counties he finally selected—four in Alabama, three in Louisiana, two in Mississippi—Katzenbach said, the percentage of eligible white citizens on the voting rolls ranges from 65% to 100%—and "in some cases to more than 100%." The percentage of Negroes registered ranges from 2% to 10%.

Then Katzenbach gently squeezed the trigger. Federal examiners, all of them Southerners who were employed by the U.S. Civil Service Commission, were sent into each designated county to open offices and begin processing applicants. Their instructions were clear and unmistakable: Register all Negroes except convicted felons or those who fail to meet age or residence requirements. "All Negroes?" a newsman asked Katzenbach. "Negroes who can't read or write?" "Absolutely," he replied. "Treat them the same as whites. If they have been registering illiterate whites, then register illiterate Negroes."

Katzenbach's instructions were followed to the letter. Hundreds of Negroes simply answered registrars' questions, signed an "X" in a couple of places and were put on the rolls. In Alabama's Marengo County, a registrar estimated that two-thirds of the first 50 applicants could neither read nor write. They were enrolled.

It was a far cry from the days when Negro college graduates were contemptuously rejected by ill-educated Southern registrars for imagined failure to interpret a fine constitutional point. Surprisingly, there was little outright protest against and no overt interference with last week's registration effort. On the steps of Selma's courthouse, Sheriff Clark glowered across the square at the crowds of Negroes and snarled, "I'm nauseated." Selma's Circuit Judge James Hare, a plantation-bred racist, dolefully described the coming of the registrars as "the second Reconstruction." And in Louisiana's East Feliciana Parish, where less than 5% of the 4,102 voting-age Negroes are on the rolls, one white lounging turned to a friend as the registration lines formed and sneered: "You got any cats, dogs or mules to bring in and register?" But there was little heckling and no violence.

Law of the Land. Smoothly as Katzenbach's operation went in the selected dead-end counties, he conceded that things were "pretty bleak" elsewhere—and civil rights leaders were quick to complain. Martin Luther King objected: "Our experience with the South compels us to say that if the cautious restraint persists, much of the purpose of the act can be defeated."

King seemed to have a point, but Katzenbach stood fast. Defending his decision to send registrars to only two of the 82 counties in Mississippi, where the rate of Negro registration is the lowest in the South (6.6% v. 23% for runner-up Alabama), Katzenbach said: "There have been some signs of compliance in Mississippi lately, and we didn't want to kill it. Also, we filed our first poll-tax suit in Mississippi, and you don't want to hit one state too hard."

The Attorney General guessed right. Though officials in South Carolina, Alabama and Louisiana are all filing suits to overturn the voting act, Mississippi's Governor Paul Johnson announced that he had no intention of following them into court. Said he: "Unwise and unfair as we believe this act to be, it is not the edict of a dictatorial President or the questionable interpretation of a court; it is an act of Congress. The Voting Rights Act is the law of the land and is binding upon Mississippi and all her citizens."

False Currency. Eventually the Justice Department may well have to expand its force of registrars severalfold. Explains Katzenbach: "The whole idea is to generate compliance. If we don't get that compliance, we'll appoint new examiners in a lot of new areas."

In time, whether achieved by local compliance or federal intervention, the entrance of Negro voters into the American mainstream can significantly alter the attitudes and the politics of the South. The change is unlikely to be volcanic, but it is inevitable. Of Dixie's 5,000,000 voting-age Negroes, 3,000,000 are still unregistered; enfranchising even one-third of that enormous reservoir would insure such a change.

It may not prove dramatic or immediate, but few politicians profess to be unconcerned. Democrats, despite their party's long history of racism in the South, have visions of recruiting the great majority of new Negro voters with bread-and-butter issues. The G.O.P.—and the two-party system—will probably gain strength in the growing suburbs and, in the short run, from disaffected rural white Democrats. But in the long run, both parties and the nation as a whole can only benefit from the demise of color as the focal issue of Southern life. Last week for the first time it was possible to envisage a new kind of dialogue in Southern politics—an intelligent, realistic inquiry into the social and economic issues that for a century have been pushed out of circulation by the false currency of racism.

CRIME

East Side Earp

Most of his fellow New Yorkers complain about crime. Charlie DiMaggio, 62, does something about it. Owner of a closet-sized grocery store on Lexington Avenue just south of Spanish Harlem, DiMaggio has been the victim of 26 holdups in 20 years. He has thwarted the bandits 16 times, shot four robbers, and helped arrest twelve others. And that, as Cousin Joe, the erstwhile Yankee Clipper would agree, is pretty good clipping.

Last week three armed Negroes walked into the store for Holdup No. 26. Shoving Charlie into the washroom, they scooped \$300 from the cash register and fled. But Charlie, who keeps a World War II 7.35-cal. Italian army rifle hidden in the washroom, came out firing. The rifle jammed after one shot, but the bullet killed one bandit, tore through his body and critically wounded another. The third got away—with DiMaggio's money.

The papers all ran big stories on the East Side Earp, as one reporter called him, but Charlie was fed up with publicity. "Putting you on the back," snapped Charlie, "doesn't put butter on my table. It doesn't feed the family." And nothing seems to keep bandits out of his shop. The only way to do that, Charlie figures, is to get into some safer business—like police work.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The White House Teach-In

Though the war in Viet Nam hangs heavily over Capitol Hill, the news from the battlefield of late (see **THE WORLD**) has given rise to cautious optimism in the White House. So, in hopes of assuaging congressional anxiety, the President last week organized a marathon series of briefings, or more accurately teach-ins, Lyndon-style.

The Senate assembled into two shifts

in the White House state dining room; the House membership, 140 at a time, trooped up for three sessions in the East Room. For each of the closed briefings the President produced his top advisers on Viet Nam, who had been instructed to limit their talks to five minutes each—just in case L.B.J. had an electric buzzer handy to cut off any official who overshot the mark. As master of ceremonies and principal speaker, Johnson allowed himself unlimited time. By any measure, it was an adroitly balanced show.

From Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, President Johnson's guests got a somber rundown on the situation in South Viet Nam's central highlands since the monsoon set in there. Secretary of State Dean Rusk gave a low-key recital of the diplomatic issues involved in Viet Nam. But then retired Ambassador Maxwell Taylor, newly returned from Saigon—and granted special exemption from the time limit—delivered a 15-minute talk that one Republican called "the most optimistic report I've heard from Taylor in 15 months." Highlights: the Viet Cong have been severely mauled in recent engagements, their morale is sagging and Communist desertions are up; by contrast, the increased commitment of U.S. troops has greatly stiffened the fighting spirit of the South Vietnamese government's forces in the field.

Wagging Finger. For the doves, the President had on hand the men he calls his "peacemongers." One was new U.N. Ambassador Arthur Goldberg, who vowed that he would leave no corridor unpaced in his pursuit of a negotiated peace. Another was former World Bank President Eugene Black who reported serious interest among Far East nations, notably Japan, in President Johnson's proposal for a billion-dollar Asian Development Bank—and protested: "No one has ever asked me to speak on a subject like this in five minutes."

Johnson applied his own blend of reasonableness and rhetoric. Twice in three minutes he told one group of Congressmen: "Our goal is to seek peace with honor and try to get out of this mess." Commenting on reports that Henry Cabot Lodge, the U.S.'s Ambassador-designate to South Viet Nam, had told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that the U.S. would stay in Viet Nam even if the Saigon government asked it to leave, President Johnson said cryptically: "The United States would never undertake the sacrifice these efforts require if its help were not wanted and requested."

At one point, Congressmen reported, the President wagged a pedagogic finger at his audience and warned: "I know which of you have made statements supporting me and which have made statements criticizing me on Viet Nam. And when the right time comes, I intend to throw some of these statements

from my critics right back in their faces."

Praise & Complaints. Most Democrats came out of the stereophonic briefings full of praise for the experiment. "Very educational," said Pennsylvania's Thomas Morgan, chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, adding that the sessions were particularly "good for Congressmen trying to figure out how to answer mail from their constituents." More experienced hands complained that they had learned nothing new, while many Republicans, leary of any attempt to stifle criticism of the Administration's handling of the war, dubbed the briefings Operation Smother.

In a Senate speech last week, Georgia Democrat Richard Russell, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, voiced another reason for concern over the expanding conflict: that the U.S. will be caught in an economic squeeze between the mounting costs of the war and the Administration's ever more ambitious domestic programs. Russell's dismay even caused him to mix his metaphors. "If we are able to have both butter and guns," he pronounced, "we will have accomplished the feat of having our cake and eating it too, which no government has heretofore been able to achieve."

THE PRESIDENCY

The World the Beautiful

As the legislation he had sought rolled in a steady stream from Capitol Hill last week, an ebullient Lyndon Johnson invited just about everyone in Washington to "come on down to the signin'." In all, he signed five new bills and dispensed no less than 600 souvenir pens worth \$1.80 each. At one cere-



TAYLOR & LODGE AT BRIEFING
Most optimistic in 15 months.



LADY BIRD & LYNDON AT SIGNING
More than \$1,000 in pens.

mony a sweating aide lugged the pens around in a market basket. For the throngs of Congressmen, Governors, mayors, foreign ambassadors and civil servants who turned out for the various ceremonies, the President also had a thesaurus of superlatives for each new law and ever more dazzling visions of the Great Society.

The Best. At the National Institutes of Health in suburban Bethesda, Md., where he signed a bill authorizing a \$280 million program of medical research, Johnson quoted from the Bible (Acts 8: 5-7) on curing the palsied and the lame, promised that "this bill will accomplish the miracles of which today we only dream." His Administration's goal, he said, is nothing less than "complete eradication" of children's deaths from rheumatic fever, substantial reduction of the rate of death from heart disease, and elimination of malaria and cholera "from the entire world." His aim, declared Johnson, is not just "America the Beautiful, but the World the Beautiful."

Announcing that his quietly efficient surgeon general, Luther Terry, was resigning after four years, Johnson promised that his successor, yet to be found, would be "the best, most adventurous, imaginative, best-equipped doctor with vision in this country." The President even made a production of signing a minor bill giving postmasters a five-day week. Summoning 76 postmasters to the Rose Garden, L.B.J. allowed: "It is glorious that we can be here in this peaceful attitude and be making so much progress with, I think, the best Congress that was ever assembled."

The Biggest. On signing the \$7.5 billion housing bill, Johnson recalled, for an audience in the Rose Garden, that he grew up in a house without lights, water, or floor covering. "This legislation," he said, "represents the single most important breakthrough in the last 40 years," and "will take us many long strides" toward Franklin Roosevelt's dream of "a decent and dignified home" for every family.

Johnson capped the week with a bipartisan signin' and speakin', this time approving a bill to create a national historical site in memory of Herbert Hoover at West Branch, Iowa, where Hoover was born and now lies buried. Johnson invited every big G.O.P. name he could think of, but the notice was short and most sent regrets. Unfazed, Johnson paid eloquent tribute to Hoover as a "big man," a "good man," and "above all a devoted and honest and compassionate man."

And, speaking of national monuments, Johnson announced one of his own. The University of Texas will build a library in Austin to house his papers, in addition will establish a Lyndon Baines Johnson Institute of Public Service. The library will sprawl over at least 150,000 sq. ft., and thus will be far the biggest presidential library of them all.

NATURAL RESOURCES

The Dry Society

Of more than 40 major bills that Lyndon Johnson has signed recently, "the most historical of all," he assured visitors last week, is one that will cost only some \$37 million annually for the next five years. Since the aim of the measure is to develop economical, large-scale desalination plants so that cities may drink from the sea, it may at least ensure that Johnson's Great Society will not be dry.

As it happened, the President had the bill ready to sign during a White House "water emergency conference" to survey the immediate and long-term problems of the drought-stricken Northeast.



WAGNER & UDALL
Saline solution?

Addressing Governors, mayors and others from the region, Johnson said that the nation has "lingered too long under the impression that desalting sea water is a far-out and a far-distant goal," announced his determination "to make the great breakthrough before 1970." The Administration's target is to build plants, within five years, with a daily capacity of 100 million gallons each for the nation's biggest cities, as well as 10 million-gallon plants for smaller communities by 1968.

"Edge of Disaster." The President also announced a \$4,000,000 water-resources study to cover the area from Maine to Virginia, which has been increasingly short of water for the past four years. And he promised additional federal aid to speed construction of three reservoirs, expand a fourth and start a fifth in the area.

To help ease the northeast's immediate problem, Johnson dispatched a "water-crisis team" headed by Interior Secretary Stewart Udall to the five most parched cities—New York, Philadelphia, Newark, Jersey City, Camden, N.J.—with orders to "make hard and

fast decisions on the spot to assist each affected community." During his tour, Udall warned New York Mayor Robert Wagner that his city was "on the edge of disaster." New York, is one of the nation's few major cities that does not meter water consumption in residences. It has also failed to tap its biggest potential source, the Hudson River.

Johnson reminisced privately that "from earliest memory" of his arid birthplace, he regarded water as the "determining factor in our happiness or sorrow." He had some plain-spoken hill-country advice for his visitors: cut down on waste. And in fact, Northeasterners may ultimately benefit from the drought if it teaches them some of the Westerner's reverence for water. One sign of change came at week's end when five states and the Federal Government reached an agreement to clean up polluted Lake Erie (see SCIENCE). Johnson's final exhortation to the conference was to stop manufacturers from dumping industrial waste in rivers and the sea. "Say to these giants and titans," urged the President, "You take a new look at what you are doing. It is not your private water to do what you want with."

THE CABINET

Surrogate for the Cities

The 20th century has profoundly transformed the nature and needs of U.S. society. Yet only three new Cabinet posts have been created to cope with them in the last 62 years.* Last week, in belated recognition of the problems facing America's cities, the Congress approved a fourth, the Department of Housing and Urban Development.

In the Senate, which passed a bill establishing HUD by a vote of 57 to 33, opposition was predominantly Republican. The bill's aim, to coordinate 115-odd federal housing and urban development programs within a single department, seemed worthy enough. But for many critics it portended yet another Parkinsonian encroachment on community affairs. Objected Senate Republican Leader Everett Dirksen: "I never yet saw, when you set up a department that it didn't grow and proliferate. If we're ever going to put an end to this gargantuan growth of government, it will have to be done at this end of Pennsylvania Avenue, not the other."

No Bet. At one point Dirksen challenged Connecticut Democrat Abraham Ribicoff, floor manager of the bill, to 1) write down the initial number of employees in the new department, and 2) put the list in an envelope, along with a \$100 bill. "I'll put in a \$100 bill too," said Ev, "and if this thing doesn't grow, you'll collect the \$100."

It was no bet. "You'd collect it," re-

* Commerce (1903), Labor (1913), Health, Education and Welfare (1953), making a total of ten. Defense (1947) simply merged the old War and Navy Departments.

torted Ribicoff, "because this Congress will be voting new programs." And, he argued, the nation needs them. "When our Constitution was adopted," Ribicoff said, "only five per cent of our people lived in urban areas. Today, 70% of Americans live in cities, towns and suburbs, and by the end of this century, over four-fifths—350 million people—will be living in our urban areas. There is no end in sight to the need for more schools, more highways, more hospitals, more sewage and water facilities, and more and better programs to house our urban population and improve our communities." The need for HUD, concluded Ribicoff, is indisputable; the only question is "whether the Federal Government will be able to act more effectively and more efficiently."

Surprise Candidate? A majority of the Senate agreed that it could, sent the bill along to conference to iron out minor differences between it and a similar bill passed by the House. As to whom President Johnson will appoint as his first surrogate for U.S. cities, the obvious choice seemed to be Robert Weaver, whose job as administrator of the Housing and Home Finance Agency will be eliminated under the new setup. Weaver was President Kennedy's candidate for the post in 1962, and his selection in advance was a cause for the bill's rejection by a riled Congress. Johnson, however, has a predilection for making surprise appointments. In this case he might really surprise Washington by, after all, naming Weaver—who would then become the first Negro Cabinet member in U.S. history.

THE CONGRESS

Boost for the Boys

Defense may be Robert McNamara's business, but the U.S. armed forces remain a special concern of Congress. The Senate last week voted 89 to 0 for a \$1 billion pay boost for servicemen, despite the Defense Secretary's protests that the sum was twice as much as was needed. The Senate bill differed only in minor detail from the version that whipped through the House 410 to 0. The Congress thus assured an average raise of more than 10% for the nation's 2,681,747 servicemen on active duty. The bill also provides a \$56 million cost-of-living increase for 400,000 retired servicemen, grants a \$10 raise in combat pay (to \$65 monthly), and permits free mailing privileges from Viet Nam. It will probably be signed by President Johnson in time to fatten servicemen's September paychecks.

In another slap at McNamara, a House Armed Services Subcommittee disapproved by an 8-to-1 vote the Pentagon's cost-cutting proposal to merge the Army Reserve with the National Guard, supporting the argument of its chairman, Louisiana's F. Edward Herbert, that the merger "would result in an immediate and serious loss in the combat readiness of the affected Re-

serve units." The House also passed and sent to the Senate a \$1.7 billion supplementary military appropriations bill, which provides almost \$100 million for U.S. bases in Viet Nam and surrounding area.

In other actions, the Congress:

- Confirmed, in the Senate, the nomination of Abe Fortas, 55, to the Supreme Court (three votes against), John W. Gardner, 52, as Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare (unanimous), and Thurgood Marshall, 57, as U.S. Solicitor General (unanimous).
- Passed, by a 246-to-138 vote in the House, a \$3.25 billion public-works program that extends the regional-aid approach of the Appalachia program to other depressed areas such as the Ozarks and northern New England. The bill now goes to a Senate-House conference.
- Refused, by voice vote in the Senate, to prohibit use of U.S. Information Agency funds to film the life story of the President or any other Government official. Republican Senator John J. Williams of Delaware offered the amendment after revealing that about \$80,000 of the propaganda agency's funds already have been spent to make a movie variously called *The Texas Story*, and *A President's Country*, starring L.B.J.

DISASTERS

Toll of a Titan

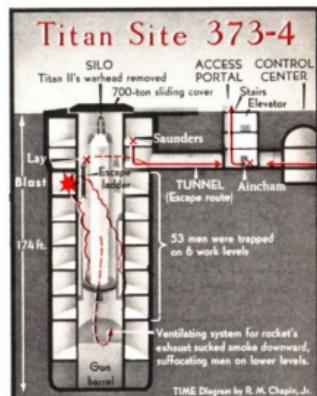
U.S. Missile Site 373-4, nestled among blackjack oaks in the Ozark foothills ten miles northwest of Searcy, Ark., had been out of operation for nearly six weeks. While the 174-ft.-deep silo, one of 54 Titan II sites in the U.S., underwent repairs to its air conditioning, plumbing and exhaust systems, its nuclear warhead was in storage at Little Rock Air Force Base, 55 miles away. The missile itself, a five-story, 18,000-m.p.h. Titan II of the type that is scheduled to launch this week's eight-day Gemini mission, remained in place as 55 civilian workmen swarmed up and down the silo's nine levels.

"**Something Wrong?**" Some workers were still returning from lunch one day last week when there was a blast and a flash of flame. "The lights went out," recalls Gary Lay, 18, who was cleaning up debris on the second level. "Everybody was hollering, 'Let's get out of here!' I tried to go down a ladder, but it was jammed up with men. So I went through the fire." Hubert Saunders, 59, was painting a door on the topmost level inside the "gun barrel," a concrete and steel-plated tube that sheathes the missile. "I looked down and saw smoke coming up," says Saunders. "I heard a man crying, 'Help me, God help me!' But I couldn't see him. I was in the tube. The missile was in there. I got out of there."

Lay and Saunders escaped through the tunnel leading to the single access portal. They were followed by Alan Aincham, 19, who had been posted

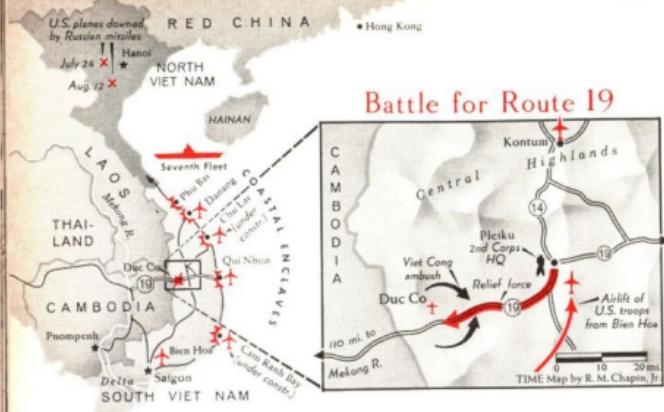
in the passageway to check that workers in the silo carried no matches or articles that could strike a spark. Said Aincham: "It felt like there was a hurricane outside, and you had opened the door and let the wind hit you in the face." No smoke or noise carried to the surface. When Aincham raced out, a worker topside asked: "Is something wrong?" The only outside warning of the disaster came from instruments in an underground command post 220 ft. away, where four Air Force crewmen immediately donned masked survival suits and ran out to investigate.

Sealed Lid. There was nothing to be done. For hours after the blast, smoke made it impossible for rescue teams to search the silo. The explosion had cut



off the power, making it impossible to open the 700-ton steel and concrete lid that seals the silo airtight. As flames devoured what little oxygen there was, several men tried to crawl into air-conditioning ducts. The elevator was stalled for lack of power, and the only way up was a single ladder. Trapped workmen piled onto it in panic, and two wedged themselves hopelessly together in one narrow section of the ladderway, blocking those behind them. All 53 remaining in the silo died.

Aetna Casualty & Surety Co. of Hartford, insurance carrier for the Omaha contracting firm of Peter Kiewit Sons' Co., estimated that it would pay more than \$1,000,000 in benefits to survivors. Pending its month-long investigation, the Air Force suspended similar work on other Titan II sites. What caused the disaster, worst in U.S. missile history, was officially a mystery. The likeliest theory is that a diesel generator had somehow switched on in the third level, throwing a spark into the volatile atmosphere where pipe fitters were working on the hydraulic system. Thus the Titan II, deadliest and most dependable missile in the U.S. arsenal, accidentally claimed its first victims.



THE WORLD

SOUTH VIET NAM

An End to Inertia

In any war, it takes time to convert to forward motion the inertia that follows a massive buildup of arms. Last week the vast engine of military power that the U.S. has installed in South Viet Nam was finally warming to its task. A new air of confidence pervaded the week's decisions, a new professionalism was apparent as American forces deployed from the Delta to Danang on air strikes and ambushes, perimeter sweeps and bold airborne swoops.

No longer were the Americans at Bien Hoa merely probing their own backyard. Last week, in little more than 24 hours, a full brigade was airlifted 250 miles to the Central Highlands to play a critical role in the relief of beleaguered Duc Co (see below). Even as 2,800 new U.S. marines arrived in the enclaves along the Vietnamese coast, other marines were experimenting with new techniques of vertical envelopment in the darkness around Danang.

More Americans were on the way as the roster grew past 90,000 toward the 125,000-man force scheduled for Viet Nam service. And South Korea was preparing to send 15,000 troops of its own to join the battle. Despite the summer monsoon, U.S. planes last month flew a record 2,000 combat missions a week, pushing the Viet Cong off balance. The despair of earlier months was fading as the great war engine revved up.

A Matter of Mobility

Key to Viet Nam's will-o'-the-wisp war is mobility. As guerrillas, the Viet Cong have naturally used it to the best advantage so far, slipping stealthily through swamps and jungles to attack, then disappear. But thanks to the growing armada of troop-carrying transports and helicopters in Viet Nam, the U.S. has developed its own brand of mobility,

Last week, despite shifting veils of monsoon rain and cloud, that mobility was being used to good effect.

Siege & Spider Holes. First demonstration came in the battle for Route 19, an affair that at first glance seemed doomed to repeat the bloody disasters of Song Be and Dong Xoai. For 70 days the Viet Cong had besieged the tiny crossroads fortress of Duc Co (see map). Perched precariously on high ground just seven miles from the Cambodian border, Duc Co guards the critical highway against infiltration from the west and prevents the Reds from cutting South Viet Nam in half. The V.C. had carved an intricate web of trenches, tunnels and "spider holes" to within 300 yards of the outpost, which was manned by only twelve American Special Forces troops and some 400 Bahmar mountain tribesmen. Reports indicated that Viet Cong regiment was in the area. Saigon's generals decided that Duc Co could not be allowed to fall.

Out of Pleiku, 40 miles to the northeast, rolled a three-mile-long column of South Vietnamese Rangers, marines, elite infantry and engineers, led by tanks and armored personnel carriers. They represented half of the country's strategic reserve. To old hands, the convoy seemed ominously reminiscent of the days before Dienbienphu, when just such relief columns led and manned by French troops had been gobbled up by the Viet Minh. Four miles from Duc Co, the Communists struck hard, and the South Vietnamese column backed off at nightfall into a mile-square defense. Then from Pleiku came the alarming word that a brace of Red battalions was sneaking in from behind to surround the relief column.

"Blocking Position." In Saigon, U.S. General William C. Westmoreland, commander of American forces in South Viet Nam, huddled with his Vietnamese counterparts, quickly decided

that only massive American intervention could prevent disaster. Out went orders to all available military planes: start hauling men and gear to Pleiku from Bien Hoa airbase, 18 miles northeast of Saigon. In a matter of hours, troops of the U.S.'s 1st Infantry Division and the 173rd Airborne Brigade were climbing aboard their planes. Throughout the night and into the day, the big C-123s and C-130s lumbered into Pleiku, disgorging men and machines, Jeeps, trucks, cannon, ammo and supplies. Then off the planes winged to Bien Hoa for another load. By next evening, a full brigade of American troops was in the trouble zone.

The U.S. forces swiftly headed up Route 19 to set up a "blocking position" between the encircling Communists and the South Vietnamese relief column. With this muscle behind them, the stalled South Vietnamese task force, now moving again, found that Communist resistance was melting away, pushed into Duc Co with no trouble.

"Hammer & Anvil." In the wet, checkered flats of the Mekong Delta, American airmen and South Vietnamese ground troops combined mobility with killing power in a smooth "hammer and anvil" operation near Can Tho. Four companies of South Vietnamese, acting as the "hammer," drove a battalion of Viet Cong ahead of them through the swamps. The Reds refused to join battle, fell back slowly under a protective hail of small-arms fire. Then in whirled a covey of U.S. choppers carrying the "anvil"—troops of the South Vietnamese 44th Ranger Battalion, who landed behind the Reds and quickly blocked their avenue of withdrawal. Pinned down, the V.C. had no choice but to fight. The hammer fell with devastating effect: 158 Reds were killed by ground troops, an estimated 100 more by close-support air strikes.

Far to the north, near Danang, U.S. Marines pioneered a new approach to airborne mobility with a large-scale helicopter-borne assault in darkness. It was organized by Lieut. Colonel David Clement, whose battalion operates in the Elephant Valley, just eight miles northwest of the critical airbase, after his leathernecks captured a Viet Cong operation order. Their commanders advised Red guerrillas to lie low during the day, since "the marines always attack after first light." Last week Clement's operations officer, Major Marc Moore of Dallas, rounded up a fleet of helicopters and swooped in with a company of marines to hit a pair of Red-infested villages on the Ca De River a few minutes after midnight. Muzzle blasts flared in the jungle darkness, and the marines killed one Viet Cong and captured 30 others.

Sour Rice. Was such a small haul worth the effort? No one could measure precisely the toll of Viet Cong nerves and energy taken by the steady harassment from the air, especially from the fighter-bombers, which constantly

swept over the countryside in search of targets. The toll was no doubt considerable, however. The pressure from the air has prevented the Viet Cong from massing as effectively as they otherwise might, and has made regular sleep difficult for many a V.C. trooper. "It is terrible and miserable," wrote one Red soldier killed at Duc Co before he could mail his latest letter. "Airplanes bomb and strafe, and we can do nothing about it. The fighting situation is tough, too serious and difficult. Sometimes we can muster only one platoon for military operations. I am sick almost every day with stomach pains. Drugs are low. Our rice turns sour. We would like the battalion commander to handle this problem. Give my regards to the battalion commander."

"Big Joe No. 1"

Moonlight helicoptering is not the only invention of U.S. Marine Corps Lieut. Colonel David Clement (see above). During his four-month stay in the mountainous jungles northwest of Danang, the lean, leathery, 40-year-old North Carolinian has applied the best of counterinsurgency techniques to the dirtiest of conditions.

Last April the Elephant Valley was deep, dark Viet Cong country. Paths and paddies were deserted by day; the rifles of Red snipers dominated the night. When Clement's battalion of marines moved in, they found the 20,000 inhabitants of the 100-sq.-mi. region sullen and close-mouthed. Trade was at a standstill, bridges across the wild mountain streams had been blown, and no villager felt safe from Viet Cong terror. By applying intelligent compas-

sion and tough soldiering, Clement has since converted most of the Elephant Valley from numbness to normality. "Someone has to win this war," says he. "To do that, we have to win the people. We've won a few around here."

Clement's course in antiguerilla warfare has been classic in both technique and results; his men have been deadly in battle, humane in the administration of the territory they have won.

After a series of bloody firefights, Clement's battalion captured the valley's major V.C. supply center, Le My, early last May. First thing they did was to rebuild two Red-blown bridges. Then Clement reopened Le My's market for the first time in five years; it now sells everything from tinned sardines to Japanese sandals brought in from Danang. Le My had had no school since 1958; last week, Clement inaugurated a two-room schoolhouse and exchanged greetings with its 100 pupils, who screeched "Big Joe No. 1" as he strode in. A dispensary manned by Marine Corps doctors and Navy corpsmen treats 200 Vietnamese patients a day.

The Sea of People. Nor has Clement neglected fun; fortnight ago he wangled a one-night stand from the 3rd Marine Division band, and Le My bounced to the swing of Cole Porter's *Can-Can*. The affection of the local people has paid off militarily in that most valuable of commodities: intelligence. Women now point out known Viet Cong leaders; old men report the laying of Red minefields.

Local chiefs also aid Clement's men in the tough task of distinguishing Viet Cong from peaceful Vietnamese, accompanying the marines on sweeps and pointing out known Reds. Marines were waiting when two companies of Communists mounted a counterattack last June. After a three-hour fight, the Reds withdrew, leaving eight dead. Clement's men have also adapted to the technique of ambush; when his squads go off on patrol, a few men often peel off to remain as long as three days staked out on bug-ridden back-country trails.

So far, they have killed as many as eight Communists a night by using such tactics. "We've licked the Viet Cong because we've surprised them more than they have us," says Clement. "They have neither the firepower nor the reserve to counter us. When we can swim in the sea of people as well as they can, then we're going to win."

The Long Arm of SAM

U.S. strikes against North Viet Nam have been directed primarily against what air intelligence officers like to call the "ganglia" of Communist transportation and communications. Right from the start, the most dangling ganglion of the lot has been Vinh, the largest town in the panhandle of North Viet Nam, and the hub of road, rail and trail routes to the south. Last week U.S. Air Force and Navy planes once again pasted Vinh—this time with 77 tons of bombs.

The prime targets now lie closer to



LIEUT. COLONEL CLEMENT & FRIEND
Marines also are humane.

Hanoi, and there last week the U.S. lost another fighter-bomber to North Vietnamese surface-to-air missiles. Cruising along some 50 miles southwest of Hanoi with three other jets on what pilots call an "armed wreck" (armed reconnaissance), a Navy A-4 Skyhawk felt the long arm of SAM—just as an Air Force Phantom had on July 24. The flight was out of range of any of the North Vietnamese missile sites so far identified by U.S. aerial intelligence, leading to the conclusion that Russia is supplying Ho Chi Minh with mobile surface-to-air missiles, much like the U.S.-built Hawk missile units that were installed in South Viet Nam last February. The sobering fact is that at present the U.S. military has no certain means of determining just where Ho's missiles are.

GREECE

Drinks at the Palace

On the surface, Athens was calm last week: no new Prime Minister was chosen, none was dismissed, and the Greeks, who consider politics a national sport easily as worthy of conversation as football, discussed in shops and streets the possible candidates with detached excitement. The very lack of news was impossible to ignore, for unless some resolution was found to the month-long confrontation between King Constantine and ex-Premier George Papandreu, the field lay open to military coup from the right or armed revolt from the left.

Young King Constantine appeared more determined than ever to refuse Papandreu's demand for a recall to office or general elections. In an effort to find a replacement for the outvoted regime of George Athanasiadis-Novas, he called 14 politicians from all political parties to the book-lined living room of his Athens palace. There, pouring the drinks himself, questioning politely and listening attentively, he was at his charming, 25-year-old best. So



TROOPS EN ROUTE TO DUC CO
Marines also attack at midnight.

impressive was the King that even Ioannis Passalides, the 80-year-old titular head of the E.D.A. (pro-Communist) party, returned, glowing, to party headquarters. Monarchically miffed, a Red colleague snapped: "That's the last time you go to the palace!"

Papandreou, a longtime republican, called it all the work of a young and rash ruler who was attempting to step out of the role of a constitutional sovereign and assume absolute authority. Street demonstrators loudly proclaimed that the King was the tool of his constitutional adviser, Constantine Hoidas, 48, and German-born Queen Mother Frederika, long a popular target damned in placards as the "Hitlerina." But in fact Constantine seemed to be making the essential decisions himself, relying on twelve years of training by his father, the late King Paul, who once observed that "the most important thing is for a King to know the feeling of his people."

Did he know that feeling? Most political observers are still convinced that Papandreou would win a smashing victory if general elections were called. But, votes apart, the young King's patient attempts to find a compromise candidate showed some promise of whittling the Old Fox's power. By naming Novas, who rallied a Cabinet from the ranks of Papandreou's dominant Center Union Party, the King had succeeded in removing 24 Deputies from Papandreou's aegis. Last week two more Center Union leaders, including former Deputy Premier Stephan Stephanopoulos, Constantine's preference as the new premier, announced that they would no longer support Papandreou's me-or-nobody policy in Parliament. They claimed the backing of another 25 to 30 Center Union members. If true, it would cut Papandreou's hard core to fewer than 120 Deputies (out of 300), making it all but impossible for him to foil singlehanded the King's next choice for Premier.



MALAYSIA

One of Our Islands Is Missing

Two years ago, Britain helped lash together a sprawl of Asian real estate into a federation called Malaysia. It was born in the high hope of providing economic unity, political stability, and a bulwark against expansion by Red China or Indonesia. But there was a fatal flaw that doomed the scheme from the start. Last week Singapore, fifth largest port in the world, broke away, and once again a British-backed regional federation was in tatters.*

The flaw was a clash of peoples, of religions, of languages, of cultures. Put in the simplest terms, the Malays—largely rural, uneducated and unenterprising—feared domination by the Chinese—aggressive, technically able and urban—who ran just about everything except the bureaucracy. It was just a matter of time before the ugly jealousies brought trouble to a climax.

The federation was given the *coup de grâce* by the very man who had created it, Prime Minister Tunku (Prince) Abdul Rahman, 62, an aristocratic, Cambridge-educated lawyer. Convalescing in the south of France from an attack of shingles, following attendance at the Commonwealth Conference in London last June, the Tunku drew up a balance sheet of the pros and cons of a "Malaysia without Singapore."

The Tunku had brooded for months about the growing tensions that he feared might bring a renewed bout of the bloody race riots that flared in Singapore a year ago. The Tunku's Malay

community was also concerned about the growing threat posed by Singapore's Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew, who last year suddenly expanded the political activities of his vigorous People's Action Party from Singapore to the mainland. P.A.P. campaigned for nine seats on the mainland, and, though it captured only one, the lone victory was warning enough that the P.A.P. might begin to lure large numbers of Malay voters away from the Tunku's United Malay Nationalist Organization.

Stumped Kampongs. Noisiest of the Malay "ultras" who demanded harsh measures against the Chinese was the secretary-general of the Tunku's U.M.N.O., Jaafar Albar, who stumped the rural kampongs (villages), soon had crowds shouting, "Crush Lee!", and was emerging as a rival of the Tunku himself. Albar demanded that Lee Kuan Yew be thrown in jail and the government take over Singapore.

As word of continuing agitation reached him in Europe, the Tunku decided it was time to act. Flying home to Kuala Lumpur, he huddled with Deputy Prime Minister Abdul Razak, who reported that two conferences with Lee had proved no agreement was possible. Summoning his Cabinet, the Tunku demanded a vote of confidence. It was granted. Next, he brought Lee Kuan Yew in from a golfing holiday in the Cameron highlands, bluntly told him that the only solution to the racial tensions was the secession of Malaysia. Stunned, Lee argued for a looser federation as a compromise solution. But the Tunku was adamant.

In Singapore, Lee went on TV to explain Singapore's expulsion. As he described his "anguish" at signing the secession paper, he broke into tears, an exhibition that startled those viewers who think of him as a brilliant and impulsive calculating machine. The city rallied strongly to its leader. The stock exchange vaulted and in some neighborhoods Chinese merchants exploded firecrackers.

HARRY REID



TUNKU ABDUL RAHMAN
With fear of Chinese.



LEE KUAN YEW
With tears on TV.



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Enamelled gold cup, 16th Century, by Benvenuto Cellini.
The Metropolitan Museum of Art. Bequest of Benjamin Altman, 1913.



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crackers, overjoyed at the prospect of renewed trade with Indonesia.

Singapore may well flourish as a second Hong Kong, and relations with Malaysia might even be better after the divorce. But how will the small (224 sq. mi.) hustling island cope with Red China and Indonesia? The answer seems to be by following the well-trodden path of nonalignment. One of Lee's first acts was to rescind the Tunku's order for the closing down of Peking's Bank of China in Singapore. As for Sukarno, he will probably make his views known this week in an Independence Day address.

Aided Struggle. Still unresolved is what Lee intends to do about Britain's military base, which serves as depot for 50,000 British troops and a 70-ship fleet that have been aiding the struggle against Sukarno. Since the base employs 40,000 Singaporeans and provides one-third of Singapore's G.N.P., Lee will move slowly.

There may be more secessions from Malaysia. Remaining in the federation with Malaya are Sabah and Sarawak, which only entered in the first place to ensure the Tunku a Malay majority, and that problem no longer exists. Though stunned by the suddenness of the split and angered by the secrecy, Britain accepted the accomplished fact and recognized Singapore as a sovereign state. The U.S. and most of the West followed suit.

KASHMIR

Violence in the Vale

The group of Kashmiri herdsmen seemed innocent enough as the Indian police patrol approached them. Clad in traditional skullcaps and flowing, grey-brown woolen *pheros*, the herdsmen stared blankly until the police drew near enough to ask them a question. Had they seen anyone suspicious in the vicinity? In reply, one of the herdsmen whipped a Sten gun from under his voluminous robe. Within seconds, four Indians lay dead.

Similar incidents erupted throughout mountainous Kashmir last week, killing 29 Indians and wounding 27 more. According to the Indian government, the murderous men in the flowing robes were members of a 3,000-man Pakistani guerrilla outfit code-named "Gibraltar Force," which infiltrated the Vale of Kashmir, bent on sabotage, assassination and provoking revolt. Before the week was out, New Delhi claimed that 138 of the raiders had been killed and 83 more captured. Another 1,500 were reportedly trapped in Gulmarg, the "Meadow of Flowers" high above Srinagar, where Indian troops moved in through pines, poplars and deodars to capture them.

Threatening the Airport. According to the Pakistani government, the "invaders" were really indigenous Kashmiri rebels, rising in revolt against "the oppressive and treacherous rule of impostors and enemy agents" (i.e., India).



INDIAN GUARD & RAIDERS

Under the robe, a Sten gun.

Coincident with the outbreak of last week's fighting, a clandestine radio station calling itself "The Voice of Kashmir" began broadcasting bulletins of a "revolutionary council." It warned that all Kashmiris who cooperated with Indian authorities would be shot, promised to set up a revolutionary tax collection agency, appealed to all Indian minorities "groaning under the oppression of caste Hindus" to rise in arms, boasted that India would be chased "out of our land."

Whatever their origins, Kashmiri's "freedom fighters" will have to perform better than they did last week if the Voice's boast is to be made good. One group of 500 raiders swept down from the Himalayan heights to strike at Srinagar's airport, but were stopped four miles from their objective by a detachment of the 100,000 troops India keeps in her part of Kashmir. Other bands surrendered after local citizens—fearful of a repetition of the fierce Pathan raids of 1947—fingered them for the police. India's contention that Pakistan had staged the raids was strengthened by the plethora of weapons and equipment captured with the raiders, many of whom freely admitted Pakistani citizenship. They carried rifles, machine guns, rocket launchers, plastic explosives, and disguises (including dresses and black nylon wigs to pass themselves off as women). At least one prisoner reportedly carried badges of rank of the Pakistani army.

Warning from Shastri. The raids were obviously timed to coincide with the twelfth anniversary of the arrest of Kashmir's Sheik Abdullah, who has long demanded independence for his divided mountain country. Released by Jawaharlal Nehru in 1964, the "Lion of Kashmir" was recently rearrested, is now being detained by the Indian gov-

ernment at a hill station in Madras. Pakistan could clearly profit from an ostensible war of liberation in Kashmir. With peace talks on the Rann of Kutch dispute due to open soon, trouble in Kashmir would permit Pakistan to demand inclusion of the Kashmir question in the mediated discussions. India's Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri had anticipated as much. "Pakistan has probably taken a deliberate decision to keep up an atmosphere of tension," he declared in a special broadcast to the nation. "If Pakistan has any ideas of annexing part of our territories, she should think afresh. Force will be met by force, and aggression will not be allowed to succeed."

JAPAN

Carp on the Ginza

Postwar Tokyo has had a passion for fads. For many years, it was *pachinko*, or playing the pinball machines. Then came the chubby plastic *dakkochan* dolls (TIME, Aug. 29, 1960) that clung to girls' arms and shoulders. The latest craze is angling parlors, where patrons can drop a line into a pool and, bemused by background music, fish for carp.

The fad caught on last year when the angling parlors mushroomed from a few score to a present-day 539 in the heart of the city. One parlor was installed in a former bar with the pool behind the counter and the bar stools used as perches for fishermen. Saburo Kamekura, manager of an air-conditioned establishment on the Ginza, Tokyo's Fifth Avenue, claims 1,000 customers a day. There, pretty young girls in Bermuda shorts cry "Sugoi! [terrific!]" when customers land a big one. Kamekura boasts that he is performing a badly needed service: "When it comes

to doing away with the strains and stresses of big-city living, there's nothing more effective than fishing. And you can fish right here in Tokyo without battling your way through impossible traffic to the sea or mountain brooks."

For 170 yen (47¢) a customer receives a bamboo rod baited with either a fly or an earthworm. He is then entitled to an hour of fishing, and may either sell back to the management any carp he catches or take them home in a polyethylene bag provided by the house. As an added inducement, some parlors offer prizes, ranging from cases of beer to cash, for those who land more than five fish per hour. To help anglers pass

handed out to the 22 foreign revolutionary movements based in Algiers, ordered exiles to stop their political activities or leave the country. As if to prove his good intentions last week, the government newspaper *El Moudjahid* published long front-page tributes to Upper Volta and the Ivory Coast, two of the African countries whose moderation was anathema to Ben Bella.

One of Boumedienne's motives, of course, was to win support for the re-scheduled Afro-Asia Summit Conference in Algiers, which was postponed two months ago when Ben Bella was toppled from power. The new target



BOUTEFLIKA & BOUMEDIENNE
Road to moderation.

the time, other managements supply free movies, some of them erotic.

Members of the Japan Anglers' Association, purists all, call the craze an "insult to the noble sport." But the police have not yet found any law to prevent it. About the only sufferers seem to be the carp, which bear the scale scars of many a near miss, and have to swim through water mixed with a dye to make it look deep. The fish are tiny—3 in. to 10 in. long—but some parlors compensate by renting out bamboo poles so flimsy that they often snap in two when a fish is hooked. Some observers have linked the fishing fad to Japan's recent economic recession. Said one: "The people have much time to spare but little money to spend, and the parlor is just the thing for them to use much of the former and little of the latter."

ALGERIA

Concern for Reform

One of Colonel Houari Boumedienne's first acts after he seized power in June was to denounce the schemes for Pan-African subversion, which had been so dear to his predecessor, Ahmed Ben Bella—and which had proved so costly to Algeria. The gaunt new Premier has ended the fat subsidies

date now is Nov. 5, and Boumedienne is not at all sure how many African leaders will turn up. Last week his Foreign Minister, Abdel Aziz Bouteflika, was off on a recruiting tour of Africa's west coast.

One of his first visits would be to Ghana's Kwame Nkrumah, who could hardly be pleased by Algeria's sudden embargo on exported subversion. In fact, the Boumedienne regime was drawing fire from leftists all over the revolutionary lot. In Paris the Communist newspaper *L'Humanité* published a manifesto calling on Algerians to organize themselves into "clandestine cells" to "fight against the stranglers of the republic."

To defend himself against leftist attacks, Boumedienne has gone out of his way to proclaim that Algeria is still "socialist" and "revolutionary." But with his nation all but bankrupted by Ben Bella's ambitious plots, he is vitally concerned with reform at home. Ignoring the howls of extremists, he has already pushed through a lucrative Sahara oil agreement with the French and granted oil exploration concessions to three U.S. companies. Even worse, he has opened a campaign to woo private foreign investors back to Algeria by guaranteeing their money against nationalization.

TURKEY

The Hug of the Bear

At a Kremlin banquet last week, Russia's Premier Aleksei Kosygin noted that it had been 33 years since a Turkish head of government had last visited the Soviet Union. Turkey's Premier Suat Hayri Ürgüplü obligingly replied that he would not try to analyze "the critical period of distrust in our relations," since it was now over with. He added, "We are very pleased to be witnesses to the gradual and confident development of mutual understanding."

Though filled with diplomatic clichés, the speeches did reflect the cautious new warmth in Soviet-Turkish relations that has been evident of late. As recently as 1964, Turkish leaders were openly derisive of Moscow's efforts to bring the two ancient enemies closer together. But then came what many Turks regarded as President Lyndon B. Johnson's "summons" of the then Premier, Ismet İnönü, to Washington for talks on Cyprus. İnönü returned home with little U.S. backing. Perhaps also influenced by the success of Pakistan in playing East and West against each other, the Turks soon began smiling at their big northern neighbor.

Also Unsettling. The latest events on Cyprus have hardly worked against friendship with Moscow. Last month Archbishop Makarios angered Ankara by abolishing the separate electoral rolls for Greek and Turkish Cypriots, which effectively barred the Turkish community from the seats it had held in the House of Representatives. Turkish Cypriot Representatives, who have not been attending meetings for fear of their lives, tried to re-enter the chamber but were refused admittance unless they would agree to relinquish the veto that they hold over legislation under the constitution. When Turkey angrily placed the matter before the U.N., Ankara's NATO partners reaffirmed their desire for peace on the island, but failed to step in energetically on Turkey's behalf.

In Moscow last week, Ürgüplü made a pitch for stronger Soviet backing over Cyprus, but there were limits to what Premier Aleksei Kosygin could promise. Russia, like Turkey, is against *enosis*, the union of Cyprus with Greece, but the Soviets are not likely to go so far as to back Turkey's desire for partition of the island. The Turkish press blossomed with headlines when Kosygin promised the visiting Turks that the Kremlin would study ways to improve the living conditions of the hapless Turkish Cypriots.

Though a new dollop of Soviet aid may come out of the trip, many Turks found Ürgüplü's juncture to Moscow unsettling. The thaw with Russia has had the effect of setting off a growing clamor by leftist politicians, intellectuals and editors that a few years ago would have landed the most vocal in jail. It was enough to cause some second

thoughts. Istanbul's daily *Dünya* commented: "Improvement of Turkey's relations with the Soviets is fine on one condition—that we always remain an ally of the U.S. and in NATO."

WEST GERMANY

A Piglet for Onkel

Ludwig Erhard's maiden foray in his six-week election campaign began with an address in the nation's largest egg auction hall. There some 2,000 farmers and their families in the Saxon market town of Cloppenberg stood stolidly as the Chancellor launched into his basic campaign theme for 1965: the need to develop in West Germany a *formierte Gesellschaft*, meaning a well-ordered society, with equal restraint on government regimentation and private "stomach filling and greed."

The Saxon farmers interrupted Erhard neither for catcalls nor clapping, but they chuckled each time he lit another Black Wisdom cigar, and at the end presented him with a piglet as a good-luck token.

Such appreciative receptions greeted der *Dicke* wherever he went. In three days of whistle-stopping by train, auto, helicopter and frigate in Saxony, Schleswig-Holstein and on the island of Helgoland, his audiences totaled well over 100,000, not only in rural areas, which are normally favorable to his Christian Democrats anyway, but also in cities partial to Opposition Leader Willy Brandt's Social Democrats. The response seemed to augur well for the campaign strategy Erhard's advisers have urged upon him, which is to mute his attacks on the Social Democrats, steer clear of elaborate matters of foreign policy, and present himself as an apolitical *Onkel*.

It is a role Erhard is well suited for,

RUTH HOFTHAUS



ERHARD CAMPAIGNING
Road to *Gesellschaft*.

being apolitical by nature, bashful about handshakes, and gifted with a meandering professorial style useful mainly for drowning out hecklers. In the Wilhelmshaven suburb of Jever, Erhard rambled happily on through his speech, altogether forgetting to mention the local candidate, State Secretary Felix von Eckardt, until—as he turned to go—Von Eckardt plucked him by the sleeve. "Oh," said Erhard, sheepishly returning to the mike. "There is always something one forgets." The crowd loved it.*

GREAT BRITAIN

The Other Eden

Jean-Paul Sartre cavils with Communism. Sheriff Jim Clark finds fault with democracy. But there is always a third alternative: feudalism, which still flourishes on the tiny (4½ sq. mi.) Channel Island of Sark, ten miles from Normandy, ruled by Sibyl Mary Collings Beaumont Hathaway, 81, Dame of Sark and 21st holder of a hereditary fief first granted by Queen Elizabeth I in 1565. Dame Sibyl's 475 loyal vassals last week celebrated the 400th anniversary of the grant with three-legged and sack races, five skyrockets, and a solemn service of thanksgiving presided over by the Bishop of Winchester and Sir Charles Coleman, K.C.B., Lieutenant Governor of the nearby island of Guernsey. Sir Charles read a message from the current Elizabeth, thanking the Sarkese for their "steadfast loyalty." Said the Queen: "I shall follow your progress with keen interest."

Tenant's Tithes. Progress, indeed. Walled off from the world by 300-ft. cliffs that drop precipitously to the treacherous Channel tides, warmed to fertile abundance by the Gulf Stream, the haystack-dotted island plateau of Sark revels in its similarity to "this other Eden, demi-paradise," that was the England of Shakespeare's time. As lord and mistress of the seigneurie, Dame Sibyl administers her estate through a seneschal (chief minister), one Willie Baker, but runs the 52-man Court of Pleas (Parliament) herself with an autocratic hand. From the 40 tenant families who hold their land in fee from her, she exacts a tithe on wheat harvested, lambs born, wool shorn, cider pressed, shipwrecks recovered and other developments, a *trésieme* (13th) of all real estate sales, and an annual *poulage* of one capon assessed for every chimney on every house. In turn, she renders her liege, Queen Elizabeth, the annual fee of 50 shillings (\$7) specified under the charter awarded the first Seigneur of Sark, Sir Helier de Carteret, by good Queen Bess, in return for his promise to colonize the island, and end its use as a pirate lair. Her *droits de seigneur*

* Possibly because everyone remembered the classic incident in 1956 when Von Eckardt, then Konrad Adenauer's press chief, listened while *der Alte* chatted contemptuously about Erhard in a radio studio, not knowing that a tape recorder was running.



DAME SIBYL

Road to demi-paradise.

also include the right to keep the only pigeons and bitches on the island.

Steady Surplus. Sark's farmers and fisherfolk enjoy the advantages of one mailbox, 31 tractors, 103 television sets, 180 telephones, and one electrified wheelchair (for Dame Sibyl, who has an arthritic hip), but by and large, Sarkese tend to regard recent innovations as superfluous. Sark has no automobiles, cinemas, tennis courts, airport or trade unions; no lawyers, income tax or divorce.* The speed limit, for horse-drawn carriages and tractors, is 5 m.p.h., and the island's two policemen have a simple way of trapping speeders: they walk as fast as they can behind the suspect vehicle, and if it outpaces them, issue a summons.

"The reason feudalism has lasted here is that it works so well," explains Dame Sibyl. "So long as the island is prosperous, there is no reason to change." There is, in fact, a very good reason not to; by its uniqueness Sark draws some 38,000 tourists a year who make the journey in a packet from Guernsey and stay at one of the island's five inns. All pay a landing tax of 2½¢ a head, and most buy liquor and cigarettes, which despite a small Sarkese import tax, are still far cheaper than in modern Britain. As a result the Sarkese budget, written painstakingly in longhand by Greffier (chief clerk) Hilary Carré, boasts a steady and handsome surplus—last year totaling \$17,000 on revenues of \$49,000. Instead of a national debt, there is an accumulated surplus of \$220 for each vassal, serf and villein.

* Residents can take the one-hour boat ride to get a divorce on Guernsey, but rather than leave Sark, many seem to prefer domestic solutions. One woman native, when asked "Have you a husband?" replied: "Good gracious, no. A friend of mine has one. I don't need one of my own."

THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

Moving Wheat to Russia

For the next twelve months, railway and port facilities in Canada will be humming at top capacity, and even then they will be pressed to keep up with the traffic. That traffic is wheat. Last week Canada announced the sale of 187 million bu. to Russia, an order second only in history to Russia's fantastic 1963 purchase of 239 million bu.

The sale raised Russia's total 1965 order for Canadian wheat to 222 million bu., all of which will be delivered between now and August 1966. At a press conference in Winnipeg, Trade Minister Mitchell Sharp and William McNamara, head of the Canadian



OSSIPOV (LEFT), SHARP & McNAMARA
Bad rains brought a good deal.

Wheat Board, said the Russians were paying the top-grade price of \$1.93 a bu., or almost \$450 million. Coupled with other sales to Red China, Czechoslovakia and Bulgaria, the new deal guarantees a market for Canada's entire 1965 wheat crop (estimated at 800 million bu.), will boost wheat export earnings to a record \$1.2 billion this year and cut deeply into Canada's \$453-million balance-of-payments deficit. In return, Sharp promised Russian Trade Delegate Nikolai Ossipov that Canada would increase its purchases from Russia, now a mere \$3,000,000 yearly.

The sale was one more sign of the sorry state of Communist agriculture. This year, the Soviets said, it was a case of too much rain in Central Russia and too little in the Caucasus and Kazakhstan's much-touted "virgin lands." The result will be a 1965 wheat crop of 2 billion bu., compared with a 1958-62 average of 2.5 billion bu. To meet growing demands within both Russia and the satellite countries, the Soviets have bought 330 million bu. of wheat in the world market since June, including 80 million bu. from Argentina.

POPULATION

"The Problem of Our Time"

As recently as five years ago, a birth-control conference would have been unthinkable in South America. Yet there it was last week, in Colombia's rising industrial city of Cali, and on hand for the discussions were 70 educators, sociologists, medical men, government welfare workers, demographers and Catholic priests from 20 countries. "The problem of our time," said former Colombian President Alberto Lleras Camargo, "is that through new drugs we have managed to control death. But we have not been able to control the giving of new life. And the result is a grave crisis of over-crowding, unemployment, slums, misery and violence."

With an annual growth rate of 3.5% (v. about 2% for India and Red China), Latin America's population has ballooned to 240 million, and is expanding faster than any other in the world. In Venezuela, the population has doubled (to 8,400,000) in the past 20 years, compared with a U.S. increase of 39%. In the meantime, food production is rising only 2% a year, reflecting in part the heavy migration of peasants from the farm to the city. "Something must be done," warns Brazilian Economist Glycon de Paiva. "Without population control, any real economic development is impossible."

Rhythm & Abortion. Part of the problem is Latin America's Roman Catholic tradition, which opposes any means of family regulation except the rhythm method. Unfortunately, that form of birth control has proved far too sophisticated for Latin America's widely uneducated masses. Another factor is *machismo*, a he-man complex that makes sexual prowess and large families—in or out of wedlock—a matter of male pride. In some areas of Latin America, a man who has fathered only five or six children may be regarded by his friends as something of a laggard, if not bordering on impotence.

Many women resort to abortion as a form of birth control. For every birth in Uruguay, there are three abortions. In Brazil, some 2,000,000 women a year have abortions. Argentina has even begotten an industry of 6,000 registered midwives, most of whom specialize in illegal abortions. "Some women," claims one Buenos Aires physician, "see nothing extraordinary in having four or five abortions."

Pills & Clinics. Throughout Latin America, the church still opposes most forms of birth control. But in some areas, individual priests are quietly going their own way. In Venezuela and Peru, they are participating without fanfare in government information programs; in Colombia, one is helping pre-

pare films and slides for family planning. And in Brazil, some even dispense birth-control devices to peasants.

Last November, Chile's President Eduardo Frei launched a massive birth-control campaign in Santiago's squelid shantytowns, setting up a dozen clinics to distribute contraceptive pills. In December, Peru's President Fernando Belaúnde Terry set up a "Center for the Study of Population and Development" to analyze the country's population problems. In Brazil, a private foundation-sponsored group plans to organize about 600 birth-control information centers across the country.

To help countries help themselves, the Alliance for Progress is investing \$1,400,000 this year in 30 cooperative population studies throughout the hemisphere. "Time is of the essence," says former Alianza Deputy Coordinator William Rogers, who last year created a "population unit" within the Alianza. "As the population expands in Latin America, programs and efforts that in one decade might have enormous consequences for the future may be too little and too late a decade hence."

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

The Uncertain Solution

The OAS leaflets literally papered Santo Domingo. "We address ourselves to the Dominican people in order to seek their support," read the message from the OAS Peace Committee. "Today we offered to both contending sides our proposal for a final settlement. It is, we believe, a fair and reasonable proposal. Neither side will win or lose."

The question in the Dominican Republic last week was whether the rebel side, led by Colonel Francisco Caamaño in downtown Santo Domingo, even wanted to play the game. After weeks of tortured negotiations, the OAS team finally thought it had a solution acceptable both to Caamaño and to Brigadier General Antonio Imbert Barrera, leader of the loyalist junta that controls 95% of the country. It consisted of a 55-article "Institutional Act," or temporary constitution, and a ten-point "Act of Dominican Reconciliation"—in effect, the formal truce that would hopefully end the country's three-month-old stalemate. The Act of Reconciliation called for a provisional government headed by Liberal Héctor García Godoy (TIME, July 16), use of the OAS peace-keeping troops as a police force if the President so chooses, military reinstatement for all rebel troops who were in uniform before the revolution, collection of all civilian arms by the provisional government, and general amnesty for both sides.

Wrenches & Jeers. Privately, Imbert bridled at several points, primarily the blanket amnesty that was accorded the

MICHIGAN in AUTUMN



*Is it the weather, the water, the color, the solitude?
What gives this Michigan autumn its own private magic?*

Perhaps it's the sounds. Leaves brushing in the breeze. Water lapping against the boat. Are these things silent in other seasons, or lost in other sounds? Perhaps it's the tang in the air. Of apples cider-ripe. Of grain fields freshly cut. Of wild grasses, warm soil and woodsmoke. Perhaps it's the sense of solitude that suspends all sense of time. Michigan is uncrowded and unhurried now. Don't hurry your time here. Leave the crowd and stay a week or

two or more. The freeways are really free, and tomorrow will be another golden day. If you like fishing, you are always within six miles of lake or stream. If you hunt, seven million acres of public hunting land surround you. And what is fall without football? Michigan has dozens of colleges and universities where the game is played. Come see Michigan now. Our cities. Our colors. Our countryside. There's no better time to see it all.



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HOW TO TURN A SLOW BURN INTO A QUICK BOIL



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rebels. But he grimly accepted the OAS solution and, at a meeting in his office with the three-man OAS peace committee and García Godoy, offered his own chair to the provisional President-to-be. The monkey wrenches were coming from Caamaño and his rebels, who acted as if they had not even been consulted about many of the points and used the whole thing to whip up sentiment against the OAS's "foreign invasion."

When the OAS team, headed by the U.S.'s patient Ellsworth Bunker, arrived in the rebel zone after presenting its proposal, it was met by a jeering, gun-waving mob of 400 that hooted anti-OAS and anti-Yanqui slogans. The meeting in Caamaño's headquarters lasted two hours, and the threatening mob was still on hand when the OAS men climbed into their car and departed. At a press conference, Caamaño said that while the constitution was satisfactory, the Act of Reconciliation, or the truce agreement, was not.

He demanded that his own officers, and not the provisional government, collect the rebel arms. Caamaño also insisted that the OAS peace-keeping troops leave the country just as soon as the provisional government takes power, and that all his own troops be incorporated into the Dominican military, regardless of whether or not they were in uniform before the revolution. As for the soldiers on Imbert's side, many of them were guilty of "genocide," and would have to be ousted before the rebels would ever consider coming to terms.

Persuasion or Pressure. Sooner or later, the OAS probably will get both sides to agree to a settlement—either by persuasion or pressure. Last week the OAS cut off the funds with which civil servants in the rebel and loyalist sectors have been paid. The OAS noted that it had "made substantial contributions to avoid the total collapse of the Dominican economy. This emergency program is at an end since funds for such activities have been exhausted." The U.S. has also been supplying vast amounts of food to Caamaño's rebel zone—and could cut off those supplies if the rebels persist in refusing to yield their stronghold.

Yet how long any settlement or provisional government will last is a moot point. After 31 years of savage Trujillo dictatorship and subsequent vacuum, the hatreds of the Dominican Republic run deep, and there are thousands of people on both sides who are just aching to have at each other. Added to that is the Castroite 14th-of-June group, which controls almost 2,000 of the 7,000 armed rebels and is busily schooling hundreds of eager, new recruits in the fine art of street fighting, explosives and guerrilla warfare. The school, explained one instructor, is for training "guerrillas who will keep the struggle going in the city even after a political settlement, if necessary."

EXILES

Slaughter on the Seven Seas

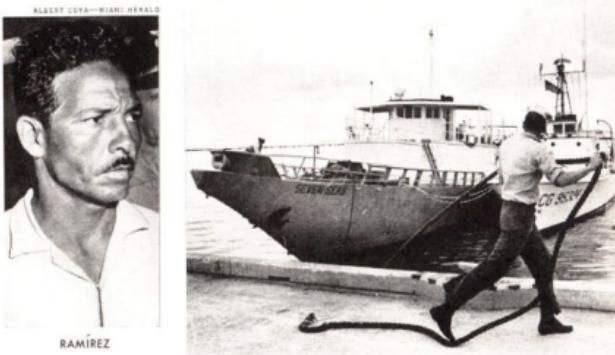
Through the 90-mile-wide Straits of Florida separating the U.S. from Cuba runs some of the most bizarre traffic ever seen on any body of water in the world. Desperate Cubans flee north in sailboats, rafts—even inner tubes. At night, weird vessels churn among the mangrove and coral cays on secret missions for no one is quite sure whom. One morning last week, a U.S. Coast Guard patrol boat 65 miles off Cuba drew alongside one of the strangest yet: an aged, 165-ft., grey-hulled converted yacht named the *Seven Seas*, adrift and seemingly unmanned—until a ragged youth crawled warily from a hatch. "The captain," he shouted, "is dead!"

Blood on the Bridge. The boy was Burywaise Elwin, a 17-year-old Honduran.

Davison—and the ship's 14-ft. dinghy. A Coast Guard search of the Straits found nothing. Then, just after midnight three days after the shooting, a ship bound for Europe picked up a Cuban in a dinghy 60 miles south of Miami. In the dinghy, crewmen found a bag of clothes, a pistol and ammunition.

Over the Side. The man was Ramirez, and under interrogation in Miami he admitted killing everyone on board the *Seven Seas* except Elwin and the cook, Davison. "They called me a Communist and a thief," he said, "so I shot them." He said that Diaz and most of the others had been bullyragging him mercilessly for his pro-Castro sympathies. He had fled Cuba last fall in a boat, leaving behind his wife and three daughters. Now he longed to return. On the night of the shooting, he had the helm on the bridge when Captain Diaz started going

BOB DAILEY—MIAMI NEWS



BANANA BOAT AT KEY WEST

"They called me a Communist and a thief."

ran, and the only one of an eight-man crew left alive on board after a fury of politics, mutiny and murder. Elwin told the Coast Guardsmen that the *Seven Seas* was a banana trader on her way from Miami to Tampa. Shortly after 10 o'clock the night before, he left the hot crew quarters aft to get some air. As he was leaving, he passed Cuban Crewman Roberto Ramirez, 35, who seemed in a big hurry. "I heard a shot and turned around. Roberto was shooting Hinds, the first mate. I ran upstairs to tell the captain. He was dead, lying crosswise on the bridge." Elwin ran to hide in the chain locker. After two hours, he heard the engine stop. Then nothing—for 16 hours—until he heard the patrol boat's siren wail.

The Coast Guard boarding party found three bullet-riddled bodies in the aft cabin. The body of Captain Rogelio Diaz, 38, was not on the bridge, but a trail of blood led over the side. Gone were Ramirez, Second Engineer Salomon Franco and Cook Gerald

at him again. Diaz, he said, sneered that in Tampa next day the crew would hand him over to "the people in Ybor City," a section of town jammed with Castro-hating exiles. Ramirez pulled a .38 and shot his tormentor, then, wild with fury, dashed aft to kill Franco and the others, sparing only the Honduran youngster and the cook "because I had nothing against them."

He then hurled the bodies of Diaz and Franco into the Straits and swung the ship toward Cuba. Two hours later, the diesel stopped. Ramirez set off in the dinghy. Inevitably, the Gulf Stream carried him back toward Miami.

And inevitably there were still questions. No one knew whether Ramirez had gone berserk, as he claimed, or had deliberately planned a hijacking. What happened to the cook was unknown. It was fairly certain, at least, that the bloodbath occurred in U.S. jurisdictional waters. At week's end the Justice Department charged Ramirez with five counts of murder, one of piracy.

PEOPLE



HAROLD WILSON
Scilly holiday.

The "Scilly Season" had arrived, and there was Britain's Prime Minister **Harold Wilson**, 49, tramping around in rumpled shorts and sandals on vacation with his family in the Scilly Isles just off the tip of Cornwall. The Wilsons have always found the Scillies a grand spot for a quiet holiday, but this year, now that he is P.M., Wilson's outing in the sparsely populated isles has looked like a political junket, with all those sweating newspapermen tailing him around, and Foreign Secretary Michael Stewart dropping over from the mainland to talk statecraft. It's even getting so that members of the local Scillonian Club are feeling nervous about calling him "Harold" anymore.

Returning from a twelve-day honeymoon on Marco Island, off Florida's west coast, and Nassau, New York City's Mayor **Robert Wagner**, 55, made a polite assessment of the stewardship of his bride, Barbara Cavanagh Wagner, in the kitchen cabinet. "The fish wasn't bad," said the mayor, "but the roast needed a little more practice. And a little more flavor. I think she needs further instruction."

"Noel Coward once said that some women should be struck regularly, like a gong," wrote Novelist **John O'Hara**, 60, in his weekly column for Long Island's Newsday. Accepting the advice, O'Hara proceeded to administer a few verbal thunks to **Elizabeth Taylor**, 33, who had gotten sore in 1959 about having to star in a movie version of his novel *Butterfield 8*. The objection wasn't literary, said O'Hara, it was just that M-G-M insisted on her doing *Butterfield* for \$150,000 when she wanted to get started on *Cleopatra* for \$2,000,000. Her basic mistake, the column went on, was giving "the remarkable opinion that the heroine of my novel

was 'practically a prostitute.' Bear in mind that the part she was eager to play was Cleopatra, not Joan of Arc. Bear in mind, too, the fact that the then Mrs. Eddie Fisher had already been Mrs. Todd, Mrs. Hilton and Mrs. Wilding, though not yet 30 years old, and had long since changed her public image from that of the little girl who loved a horse in *National Velvet*."

"Ingrid's really like a pixie," said one of her friends, Ingrid ("Fifi") Finger, 19, is no such thing! Pixies do not come 5 ft. 7 in., 36-23-36—although the figures were spritely enough to convince the judges that Ingrid, a Miss Germany from Nürnberg, should be crowned Miss International Beauty at Long Beach, Calif. As usual, all the other girls in the contest beamed pluckily through their disappointment, but back in Manhattan there was one who



"FIFI" FINGER
Long Beach pixie.

didn't: Regina Ruta, the Lithuanian-born blonde who was chosen Miss New York City last month and then disqualified because her U.S. citizenship had not yet come through. She announced that she is giving up beauty contests forever to become a veterinarian.

Belles vacances! There was **Brigitte Bardot**, 30, ensconced behind the six-foot walls of her pink and white fortress near Saint-Tropez with Playboy Bob Zaguri, Photographer Jicky Dussart, two bodyguards and three German police dogs. Spending a holiday B.B.-style, Bob and Jicky amused themselves by heaving buckets of water over the wall at the swarms of peepers and *paparazzi*, while the bodyguards handled the beach detail and the dogs swam out to bite the swimmers treading water offshore. About the only bardsolators getting any compassion were the prurient yachtmen, who pulled abreast of Bardot's bastion and got so engrossed in the view from the bridge

that they drifted hard aground on the reef in front of the house. Every few days, Brigitte would wearily telephone Saint-Tropez Rescue Captain Jean Despas: "Another boat is on the rocks. Would you please come pull it off?"

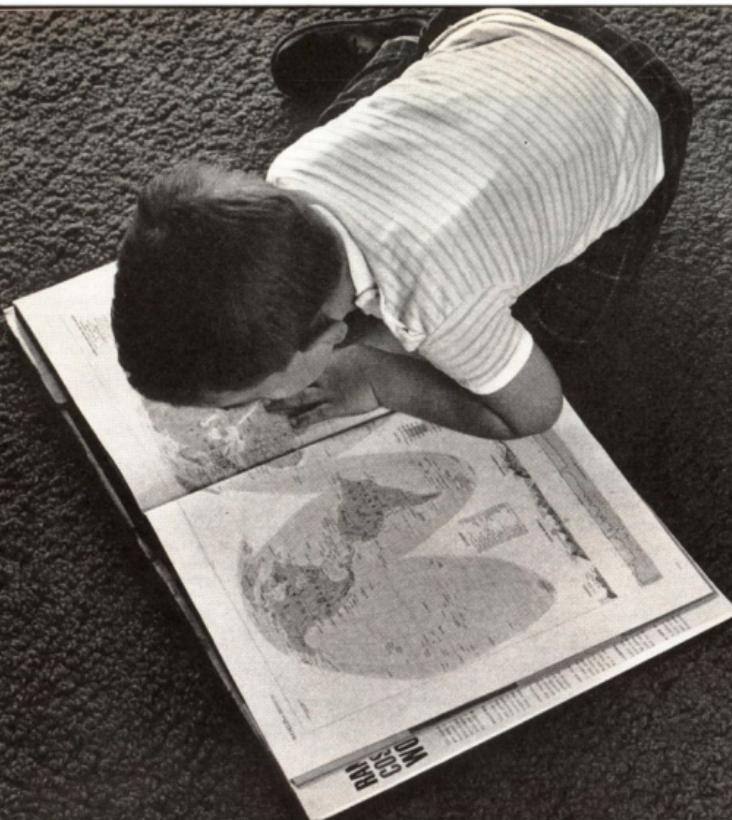
Boston's salty **Richard Cardinal Cushing**, 69, rumbled back to the auld sod for an eleven-day visit, cocked his cardinal's hat and began peppering the Irish countryside with foine, unclerical prose. "I was nearly going to be a Jesuit," he reported, "but on the night before I was to join the novitiate, I quit. The Jesuits have been thanking God ever since." And later: "It is absurd in this part of the 20th century that the Ecumenical Council has no translation system such as the United Nations has. I am no scholar, I never earned a degree. And when I go to the Council I don't know what in the name of God is going on."

Why, cried one member of the Texas State Society of Washington, D.C., "this is just like a campaign down home with everybody out howdyin'." And out howdyin' the gladdest of all was the guest of honor, President Johnson's new Ambassador to Australia, Lawyer **Edward Clark**, 59, of Austin. Mr. Ed backslid his way through the crowd of more than 1,100 Texans at the society's annual summer outing at Fort Hunt, Va., just outside the capital. He like to die of hunger before he finally made it over to sample the barbecue spread set out by the President's favorite outdoor cook, Walter Jetton, who rustled up a pretty flamboyant feed of briskets from 200 head of cattle, 600 lbs. of spareribs, and other Texas refreshments, including 55 gallons of six-shooter coffee. "Ah," grinned one Texan, with typical understatement: "It's so strong it will float a .44."

THE NEW YORK TIMES



EDWARD CLARK
Fort Hunt howdy.



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"London Bridge...how far is that?"

Someday he may know within inches.

Because right now, two ITT-built U.S. Army satellites are measuring the exact size and shape of Earth, mapping precise locations of continents, islands and landmarks, and the distances between them.

Aboard another satellite, NASA's Nimbus, an ITT-developed infrared "camera" system photographed cloud

patterns worldwide at night. Its performance, according to project scientists, was the greatest single technical success of Nimbus. Applications of this technique are foreseen for weather analysis and forecasting.

NASA's second OGO satellite (Orbiting Geophysical Observatory) is scheduled soon for launch. It will carry ITT electrical power converters, and an

ITT photoelectric camera to take spectro-analytic photographs in three colors of a mysterious light known as the Gegenschein Phenomenon.

These space projects promise a new dimension of knowledge that will touch the lives of men everywhere.

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MUSIC

STANLEY WOLFSON—NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM



PHILHARMONIC FIRST-NIGHTERS IN CENTRAL PARK
Bettering the Beatles?

CONCERTS

The Right Place for a Party

Every weekday morning for the past three years, New York Philharmonic Managing Director Carlos Moseley, en route to his office, has walked across a vast open tract of Central Park known as the Sheep Meadow. Decided Moseley: "This is the place for an enormous Philharmonic party." A fine idea, orchestra officials agreed, music for the masses and all that. But will the people come? Last week, in the first of a series of 12 evening outdoor concerts, they got their answer.

The people started arriving at noon, totting picnic baskets and blankets. By late afternoon, long processions—young couples arm in arm, scruffy Villagers, knots of teen-agers in Bermuda shorts, families pushing baby carriages, businessmen with thermoses of martinis—were snaking down the myriad pathways emptying into the rolling green. When the orchestra finally sounded the first notes of the fanfare, there were 70,000 people in the Sheep Meadow—the largest audience for a musical event in the city's history.

No one could quite believe it. "I hoped for 20,000, maybe 30,000," beamed Moseley, "but this is fantastic!" The musicians, besieged by teen-agers for their autographs, gasped "Who me?" then gleefully scribbled "Ringo Starr." The program included the Act I Prelude to Wagner's *Die Meistersinger*, and was capped by Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, with the 150-voice Manhattan Chorus. Said Soprano Ella Lee, awed by the thunderous reception: "It's as if Beethoven wrote the *Ninth Symphony* just a few weeks ago."

Funds for the concerts were contributed by the Philharmonic (\$70,000) and the Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co. (\$50,-

000). The city donated a \$110,000 "trailerized concert shell," a 36-ton, 60-ft. by 40-ft. structure mounted on four trailer trucks. Unfolding like a massive Chinese puzzle, the shell's white fiberglass panels and canopy can be set up in seven hours. During the five days following, the shell was trucked to Prospect Park in Brooklyn and Crocheron Park in Queens, where the orchestra drew crowds of 30,000 and 22,000 (in the rain) respectively. In total, the Philharmonic-on-wheels played to more people in three evenings than it does in three months at its elegant Lincoln Center quarters.

OPERA

Thinking Man's Baritone

While Dietrich is making records in London, Fischer is giving a lieder recital at Carnegie Hall, and Dieskau is appearing as Falstaff at the West Berlin Opera. Or so one critic claims. Actually, Dietrich, Fischer-Dieskau is not a brother act but one man. It is just that, as one of the world's busiest, most sought-after singers, he often seems to be—smiling, stage center, ready to go—everywhere at once.

Last week he popped up at the Munich Opera Festival singing the lead role in Hindemith's rarely performed *Cardillac*. Premiered in 1926, the opera—a starkly sketched exercise in early expressionism—is hardly everyone's cup of tea. Yet as interpreted by Director Rudolf Hartmann and Fischer-Dieskau, cast as a goldsmith who peddles his handwork by day only to redeem it at night by killing off his customers, *Cardillac* proved the surprise hit of the month-long festival.

Stable Serenade. At 40, Fischer-Dieskau is a comparative newcomer to the world's opera houses. Long the

foremost interpreter of German lieder, he only recently turned to opera on a more than part-time basis, now divides his time equally between the two mediums. He is, essentially, the thinking man's baritone. With a musicologist's lore and fidelity to the text, he meticulously works out each vocal inflection until, as one critic put it, "he not only knows what he sings, but also why he sings." Not a splashy, booming singer, he achieves the utmost theatrical effect with subtle shadings of his husky, light-timbered voice.

Son of a Berlin high school principal, Fischer-Dieskau had barely begun his career when he was drafted into the Wehrmacht at 18. Hopeless as a cavalryman, he was demoted to tending the horses, pacified the animals in their stables by serenading them long into the night. Captured in 1945, he spent the next two years performing before captive audiences at various P.O.W. camps in Italy, was so prized by his U.S. captors that he was one of the last prisoners released. He embarked on a career in lieder singing in 1948, since then has almost single-handedly managed to elevate the art to its present high level of widespread popularity.

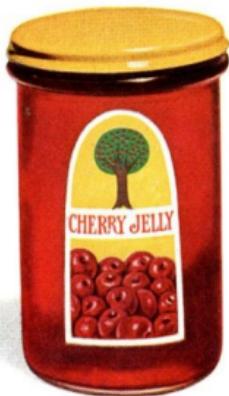
Celebrated Export. A beefy 6 ft. 2 in., with the dimpled look of a heavyweight cherub, Fischer-Dieskau is today Germany's most celebrated musical export. He is booked three years in advance, shuttles between continents like a suburban commuter to meet his breakneck schedule, averages an income of \$225,000 a year. Betwixt and between, he turns out records like flapjacks. With 166 LPs to his credit, he is far and away the most recorded classical singer ever.

While enthusiastic about the wealth of opera roles he has yet to try, Fischer-Dieskau is less optimistic about the future of the lieder. "There is no question that contemporary music finds itself in a grave crisis," he says sadly. "As a result, there are far too few lieder being written now. For all purposes, this art form is extinct."

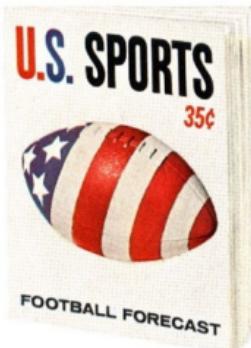


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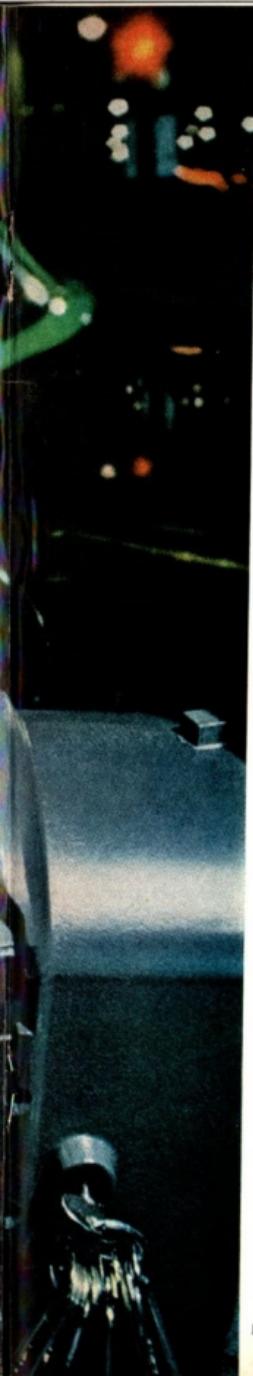
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12 PCT



12 PCT



IBM computers help police speed up war on crime

IT IS two a.m. A truck has crashed through a warehouse gate and roared off into the darkness.

A patrol car speeds to the call. The police learn that a load of furs has been stolen. A vague description of the driver and a thumbprint are the only clues. Yet, by dawn, detectives have identified the driver, and are on the way to making an arrest.

A number of factors make rapid police work possible. One is new. It is the use of IBM computers.

Computers versus crime

A computer is only a machine. It cannot patrol a beat or chase a prowler. But a computer can help a police force analyze patterns and trends of crime—so police can take countermeasures at once.

Computer analysis of daily precinct records helps police in many cities to pinpoint potential trouble spots, and assign special patrols to nip crime in the bud.

The same IBM computers can also help keep track of pawnshop records, gun licenses, stolen property

reports, violations and arrests.

In New York City, police use an IBM computer to find *at once* a set of matching fingerprints from files of tens of thousands.

Other IBM equipment can quickly locate available policemen with special skills—those who speak Cantonese, those who can drive a subway train, or those who are experts at tracing missing persons.

In several major cities, IBM computers are helping police check the registration of suspicious cars five times faster than was possible before—and take prompt action.

More efficient police work

IBM computers are relieving police of mountains of routine but necessary paper work. More officers can now spend more time on the work they were trained to do best.

"Computers are virtually revolutionizing law enforcement," says a police inspector. "Their detailed, up-to-the-minute reports enable us to do our work more effectively, and to speed up the war on crime."

IBM.



Photograph taken through a sample of SOLARBAN TWINDOW simulating typical building location. Camera: 4 x 5 Linhof, 1/60 second at F-11 with Ektachrome daylight.

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This is Glass Conditioning: increasing indoor comfort with the right kind of glass. SOLARBAN™ TWINDOW®, the newest and most effective Glass Conditioning* product, transmits only a third as much heat as regular $\frac{1}{4}$ " plate glass. Rooms stay cooler in the summer, warmer in the winter; air conditioning and heating costs are less.

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MEDICINE

TROPICAL DISEASES

Malaria in Viet Nam

An enemy even stealthier than the Viet Cong is putting more and more American servicemen out of action in Viet Nam and into hospitals. Relatively few cases of malaria have been contracted so far by U.S. troops, but the number has been increasing steadily as the rainy season has encouraged the multiplication of mosquitoes. And the increase will continue as men are deployed into the forest hills. Most of the troops in the current buildup of forces are fresh from nonmalarious areas and have no resistance to the disease.

Tertian Fevers. Until the Viet Cong stepped up its activities, the anti-malaria campaign had been one of the most successful of the U.S. Operations Mission's efforts in South Viet Nam. With ten American advisers and 5,000 Vietnamese workers, USOM had spent \$14 million, sprayed more than 10 million pounds of DDT, and slashed both the incidence of malaria and resulting deaths among the Vietnamese. But last year the Viet Cong terrorists began to take aim at the malaria fighters; since then, at least twelve have been killed and 58 are missing.

Upland malaria is the more dangerous variety. On the coastal plains, three out of four cases are of the "benign tertian" variety caused by the parasite *Plasmodium vivax*, and only one case out of four is "malignant tertian," caused by *Plasmodium falciparum*. In the hills, the proportions are reversed. Falciparum malaria usually does not last as long as the vivax form—only weeks or months, instead of years—but it is far more disabling while it lasts, and if untreated may cause death.

No American serviceman goes untreated. Military discipline requires that all take chloroquine (best-known U.S. trade name: Aalen) twice a week as a preventive. If a man is bitten by malarial mosquitoes and develops the disease despite all precautions, he is put in a hospital and given more intensive chloroquine treatment, sometimes with the addition of quinine.

Refractory Strain. Malaria parasites have complex life cycles that differ with different species. Anti-malarial drugs work by attacking the parasites when they are most accessible and vulnerable, usually in the bloodstream. In theory, a man who is taking his chloroquine regularly should not get malaria. But just as some bacteria have become resistant to penicillin, so have some falciparum parasites developed enough resistance to chloroquine to be labeled "refractory" by Army medics. Most servicemen hospitalized for malaria are out in a week or ten days. Relapses may occur whenever a recovered patient's resistance is lowered—especially if he is wounded and loses much blood.

METABOLIC DISORDERS

Living with Cystic Fibrosis

Less than 30 years ago, cystic fibrosis was not even recognized as a distinct disease. It was regarded as a relatively rare and puzzling inherited disorder of the pancreas, which for some unknown reason caused the lungs to fill with an unusually thick viscid mucus. Today doctors know a lot more about "C.F.", enough, in fact, to give it the unenviable reputation of being one of the most common long-lasting disorders of children, and one of their major killers. As a cause of death, reports Dr. Paul A. di Sant'Agostino of the National



C.F. PATIENT IN MIST TENT
Breathing detergent helps.

Institutes of Health, cystic fibrosis outweighs poliomyelitis, diabetes and rheumatic fever combined. It is now clear, says Dr. di Sant'Agostino, that C.F. affects far more than the pancreas and lungs. It involves the sweat glands, of which there are about 2,000,000, and also the salivary glands. In fact, it is through an excess of salt in the sweat that C.F. is most readily diagnosed, and confirmation is usually found in the sputum.

C.F. is inherited through a recessive gene, so both parents must be carriers for a child to be afflicted. Even then, only one in four of their children, on average, will be victims. Dr. di Sant'Agostino estimates that there are anywhere from 4,000,000 to 9,000,000 carriers in the U.S., and that one child in every thousand is born with the disease.

Hair & Fingernails. The first good news about C.F. came in the late 1940s with the introduction of several potent antibiotics. Virtually all C.F. victims have permanent staphylococcal infections, and many have other persistent

infections as well. The bacteria soon become resistant to any one drug, so treatment requires several antibiotics in a variety of combinations. The next breakthrough was early diagnosis by the sweat test (TIME, Aug. 5, 1957) and later modifications utilizing hair and fingernail clippings.

Early diagnosis allows prompt treatment before the lungs are irreparably damaged; it also permits prescription of a protective diet. For very young children, this involves a marked restriction of fats, plus doses of pancreatic enzymes (derived from swine) to replace the body's deficiency. An important recent finding, says Dr. di Sant'Agostino, is that as the children get older, these diet restrictions become less important and may be relaxed. In the teens, only moderate fat restriction is usually necessary.

One of the most effective new treatments for clogging of the lungs is inhalation of a mist containing a wetting and detergent agent, N-acetylcysteine (Mead Johnson & Co.'s Mucomyst). Many young patients get along well if they sleep, and perhaps lie down for a while during the day, in mist tents. In somewhat more severe cases, they inhale the mist under gentle pump pressure (TIME, Nov. 22, 1963). But in the most severe cases, this still is not enough. In St. Louis, Dr. Herman W. Reas and Dr. Paul R. Hackett put such patients under a general anesthetic, then inserted a bronchoscope through the mouth and windpipe into the bronchial branches and poured the solvent chemical directly into the clogged areas. They removed the loosened mucus by suction. "Within 48 hours these children are eating like horses and running around," says Dr. Hackett.

Hormone & Growth. Other doctors who have tried the technique are not nearly so enthusiastic. At Boston Children's Hospital Medical Center, Dr. Harry Schwachman has done 33 washing-out procedures, with benefits lasting up to a year, but he feels it is still only a help, and no final answer.

Optimistic claims have also been made for the administration of a synthetic hormone, similar to testosterone, to speed up the C.F. victim's metabolism. But some doctors complain that improvement after the treatment is mainly superficial and usually short-lived. There is the disadvantage that after a brief growth spurt, a child may be permanently stunted because the hormone shuts down the epiphyses (growth ends) of long bones.

Beyond such controversy, the most encouraging news about C.F. is that the combined effect of all the treatments has helped a great many patients to live past adolescence into young adult life. What makes Dr. di Sant'Agostino and fellow workers in the field happiest is that seven young women with C.F. have borne ten children and, as was hopefully predicted from the recessive nature of the responsible gene, all their offspring are normal.



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THE LAW

LAWYERS

The A.B.A.'s No. 1 Issue

At the American Bar Association meeting in Miami last week, Edward Kuhn, a deceptively homespun Memphis lawyer, puffed on his cigar and pointedly the urgent issue facing him as new president of the A.B.A. The bar, said Kuhn, is just waking up to the fact that millions of Americans yearn for



ASSOCIATION PRESIDENT KUHN
Intermediaries bridge the gap.

group practice; events are outpacing the lawyer's one-to-one relationship with clients. Warned Kuhn: "We've got to make up our minds as to whether we're going to face the facts of life or stick our heads in the damned sand."

Apart from caution or complacency, the chief pressure against change comes from the A.B.A.'s 1908 canons of ethics (now being studied for revision), which condemn all efforts to stir up law business and flatly ban "lay intermediaries"—non-lawyers who aid in the choice of a lawyer. Beyond that, Canon 35 forbids a company lawyer to represent employees "in respect to their individual affairs." Canon 47 prohibits "the unauthorized practice of law by any lay agency, personal or corporate."

Invisible Bar. Such restrictions were designed to protect the bar's right to set professional standards and the client's right to seek legal help in his own way. Unhappily, the canons also tend to isolate lawyers from many a vast pool of potential clients. Even the bar's free legal-aid societies are often so unadvertised that indigents are unaware of them. And millions of newly middle-class Americans have been buying, selling and bequeathing property with minimal legal help—either because they fear high fees or have no idea of how to find and hire lawyers they can trust.

In the faceless welfare state, where local politicians no longer hand out cash and turkeys, the poor have mounting

legal problems of their own: they must cope with Government bureaucracies over everything from relief to housing. Indeed, many experts feel that lack of legal services for the poor is a major threat to law and order. "Too often," Attorney General Katzenbach told the Miami convention, "the poor man sees the law as something which garnishes his salary, which repossesses his refrigerator, which evicts him from his house, which cancels his welfare, which binds him to usury, or which deprives him of his liberty because he cannot afford bail. Small wonder then that the poor man does not respect the law."

Small wonder, too, that the present system has tended to produce "lay intermediaries"—the very specter that appalls the bar. And as people seek legal advice from union officials, real estate agents and even neighborhood notaries, pressure mounts for group legal insurance modeled on company and union medical plans. In California a state bar committee last year approved the idea of organizations arranging legal services for their members. Last year the Supreme Court itself encouraged the process by voiding Virginia's ban on a pioneering system of retained personal-injury lawyers for members of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen. And now the Federal Government's anti-poverty program has unleashed "neighborhood law offices"—legal-service stations offering free advice to the entangled poor on everything from divorce to landlords to installment buying.

Giant Step. In February, the A.B.A.'s house of delegates duly joined the poverty bar by voting to aid neighborhood law offices and other methods for expanded aid to indigents. In May the A.B.A. board of governors took the next step by creating a new committee on "availability of legal services," chaired by St. Louis Lawyer F. William McCalpin, who aims to study the entire structure of the U.S. bar with special reference to group practice.

McCalpin picked up plenty of static in Miami last week—notably from lawyers who fear above all that the A.B.A. will lose its grip on the profession if it

endorses any intrusion of lay groups between counselor and client. According to one estimate, however, a mere three hours more of legal service per year for each of the nation's 55 million families would require 40% more U.S. lawyers. Clearly something has to give. "If you don't serve the public as it needs to be served," warns President Kuhn, "the public will force some kind of change in the profession."

TORTS

Verdict for Corvair

Like every other U.S. manufacturer, General Motors confronts a new legal threat called "strict liability"—the fast-developing doctrine that a manufacturer may be held liable for consumer injuries without being proved guilty of negligence in the manufacturing process (TIME, Aug. 6). Strict liability lurks behind hundreds of pending suits that claim that the rear axle of G.M.'s 1960-1963 Corvairs caused oversteering and sometimes fatal accidents. But last week G.M. won the first of those suits—and in California, where the doctrine of strict liability is well established.

In San Jose, G.M. successfully defended itself against Doreen Collins, 39, a divorcee seeking \$400,000 in compensatory damages for a grisly accident in 1962 when she was driving her fiancé's 1960 Corvair on a narrow two-lane highway near El Nido. The car swerved out of control and hit a 16-ton truck head on, killing her fiancé and one of her five children.

For Plaintiff Collins, Lawyer David Harney called 46 expert witnesses to back the Collins claim that the 1960 Corvair was "inherently defective." Judge John D. Foley instructed the jury: "The manufacturer of an article who places it on the market for use under circumstances where it knows that such article will be used without inspection for defects is liable for injuries proximately caused by defects in manufacture and design."

G.M. fielded such counterexperts as British Racing Driver Stirling Moss, who stoutly testified that the Corvair was safe, although a G.M. engineer also testified that on 1964 models a heavy transverse spring was added between



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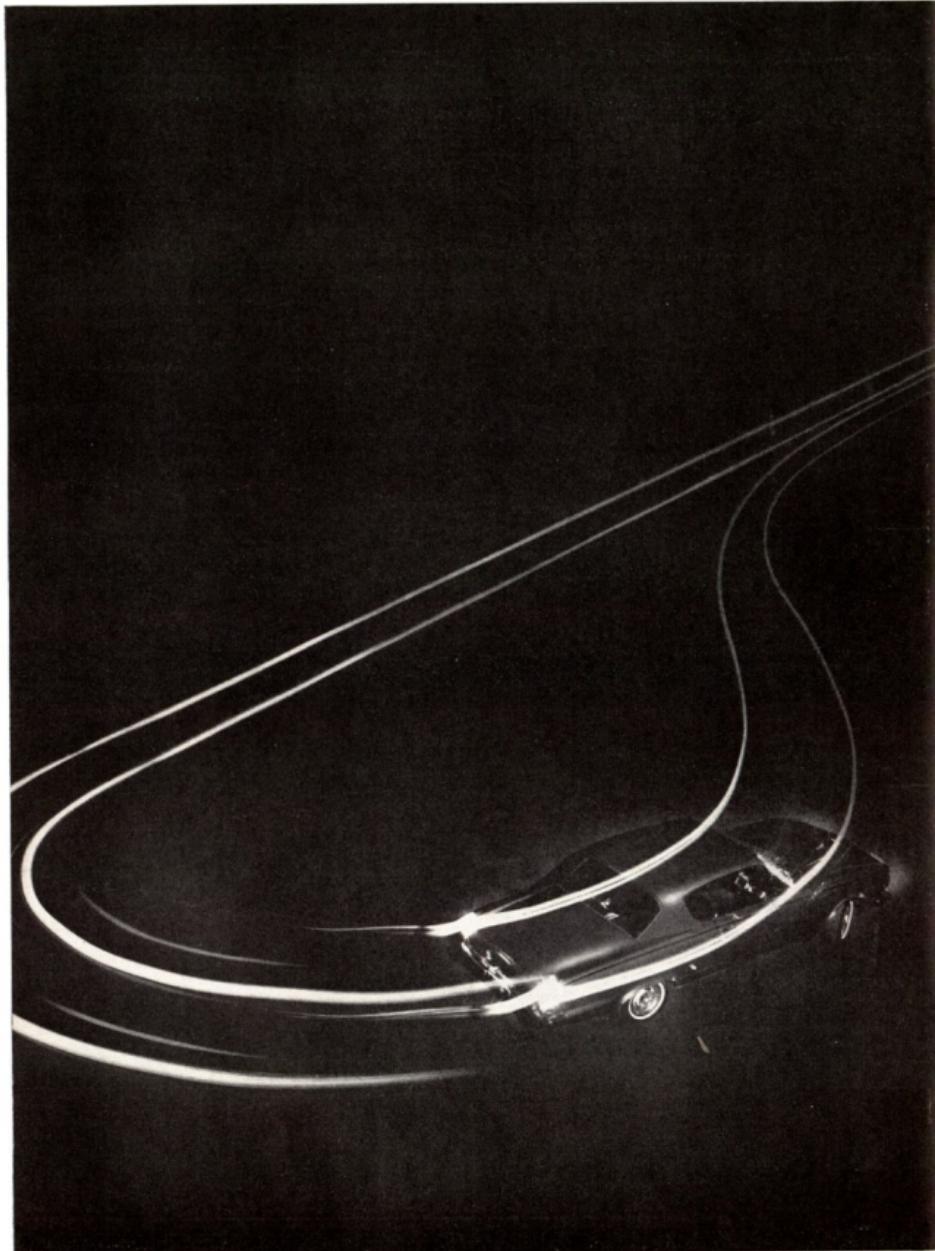
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3-horned giant captures 4 boys.

There's nothing like a dinosaur to capture the imagination of a youngster.

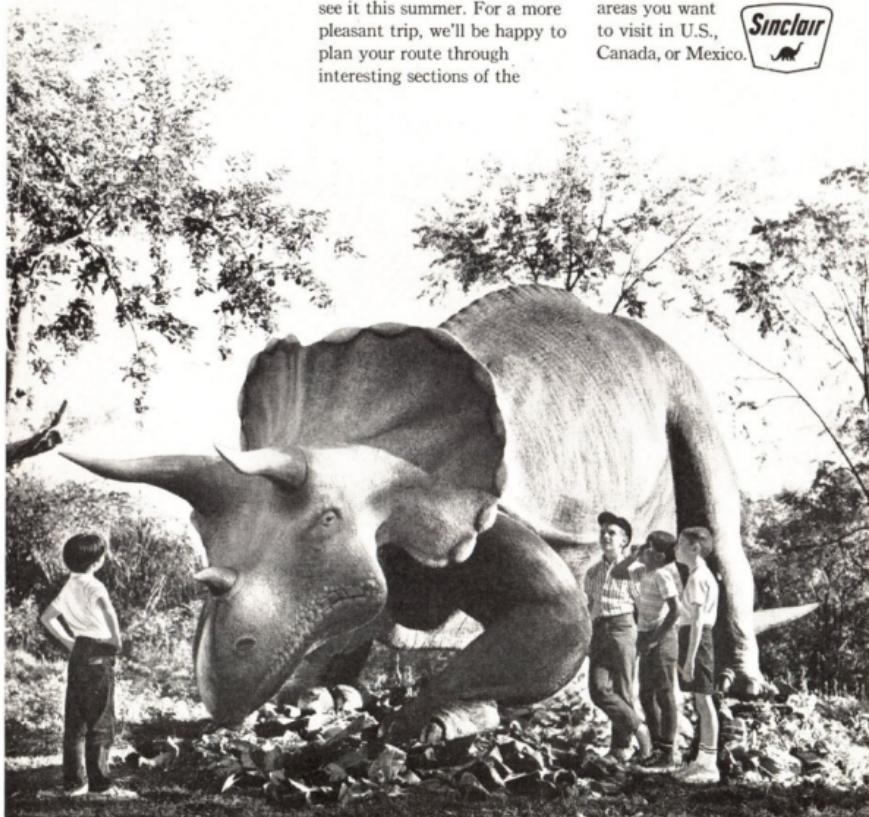
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TRICERATOPS—ONE OF THE NINE LIFE-SIZED DINOSAURS IN SINCLAIR DINOLAND AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

the rear wheels—thus in fact improving the car's steering characteristics. In the end, though, G.M. Lawyer John Costanzo won by pinning the fault on Mrs. Collins as an "inexperienced" driver. Though she had driven the Corvair for four months before the accident, under cross-examination she admitted that she had only a learner's driving permit. Her panic at the sight of the truck on a narrow road caused the accident, argued Costanzo. "It had nothing to do with oversteer, understeer, neutral steer or whatever."

After 43 days in court, the jury wound up more impressed by the circumstances of the accident than by the configuration of the Corvair. By a vote of eleven to one, the jury acquitted G.M. of responsibility.

CRIMINAL JUSTICE

The Bonded Blonde

Candace Mossler is a lissome, lippy blonde of 46 who says that she took her children out for a drive in Key Biscayne, Fla., one night last June to mail some letters at the odd hour of 1 a.m. Instead of returning home, she says, she suffered a migraine headache and went to a hospital. During her absence, something even odder happened to her millionaire husband, Miami and Houston Financier Jacques Mossler, 69. He was bludgeoned and stabbed 39 times. The results were fatal.

According to Miami police, Mossler left a note: "If Mel and Candace don't kill me first, I'll kill them." While Candace fled to the Mayo Clinic for more migraine therapy and treatment for what she calls "too many red corpuscles," the Miami cops extradited Melvin Powers, 23, Mossler's burly nephew. As police told it, Powers, who was Candace's longtime lover, jetted over from Houston the day before the murder, crushed his uncle's skull with a king-size Coke bottle and jetted home next morning. Said Candace on hearing the charge: "Oh, pooh!"

Last month a Miami grand jury indicted Mel for murder—and Candace, too. Voluntarily rising from her Mayo bed, Candace wound up in jail with Mel, pending trial in November. "This is Russia," she stormed. "They would convict Jesus Christ."

Last week Mel and Candace got an unusual legal break. In most states, murder defendants may be held without bail pending trial if there is probable cause to believe them guilty. But in Florida, murder defendants must be released on bail, unless the evidence against them is so "nearly conclusive" that conviction is virtually assured. At a habeas corpus hearing, the prosecution produced a stewardess who identified Mel as having been a passenger on the plane from Houston, and an ex-convict who said the pair had offered him \$10,000 to murder Mossler. But to Circuit Court Judge Harvie DuVal, the case was not yet airtight: "The



CANDACE LEAVING JAIL

Oh, pooh.

testimony I have heard and read does not meet the evidence requirements."

Judge DuVal duly freed the defendants on \$50,000 bonds. While Mel discreetly headed for Atlanta, Candace emerged from jail as other inmates showered her with hearty obscenities. Smiling and blowing kisses, the irrepressible widow jounced off to Houston. It promises to be some trial.

Freeing People & Police

Apart from the cost in liberty to the accused, why waste police time and effort detaining petty offenders while they wait for a hearing?

New York City police now agree that it makes far more sense simply to give the accused a summons ordering him to appear in court later. Evidence is the Manhattan Summons Project, a pioneering experiment by the Vera Foundation, which is already noted for getting pretrial defendants released on their own recognizance without bail (TIME, July 12, 1964).

The summons project is a simple interview system run mostly by law students. For example, a young woman garment worker and mother of three was recently arrested for shoplifting a \$10 dress at Gimbel's. Normally, Mrs. S. would have been searched, grilled, and perhaps held for days in Manhattan's dreary House of Detention for Women. Instead, a Vera staffer spent 15 minutes checking her New York roots—job, family, residence—and her lack of any prior record. On the staffer's recommendation, the desk lieutenant issued a summons, and Mrs. S. was out of the station house in 90 minutes. Five days later, she appeared in court and eventually received a 30-day suspended sentence.

In the past 16 months, Vera staffers have interviewed 817 arrested persons at three precinct station houses, recommended summonses for 533 and won summonses for 511—only twelve of whom (or roughly 2%) failed to appear in court. In one shoplifting case alone, the system saves up to nine hours of police time.

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THE PRESS

REPORTING

Scoop at Sea

It all began as sea-breezy fun and a good-natured rivalry between two newspapers in the same city. For weeks the biggest story in the Cleveland Plain Dealer concerned one of its own employees. The paper kept its readers posted almost daily on the progress of Copy Editor Robert Manry, 48, who set out last June 1 from Falmouth, Mass., for Falmouth, England, aboard the frail 13-ft. sloop *Tinkerbelle*. Manry dutifully reported news of his crossing to the Plain Dealer via passing ships; once he sent a bundle of letters to his wife, and the Plain Dealer published those too.

As all Cleveland concentrated on the adventures of its seagoing copy editor, the city's other paper, Scripps-Howard's Cleveland Press, was left high and dry. It could only run occasional, routine items about the voyage; when an editor asked if the Press could run some of Mrs. Manry's letters from her husband, the Plain Dealer told her to refuse.

In preparation for Manry's arrival, the Plain Dealer decided to make the most of its scoop. It sent three staffers, plus Manry's wife and two children, to England to greet him. Last week one of the reporters hired a plane to fly over *Tinkerbelle*, and his story was headlined: "Hello Bob! See you soon."

The Plain Dealer saw Bob sooner than it expected, and in the last place it wanted to see him: in the pages of the Press. There, in a long interview, the voyager told all: how he had been washed overboard six times, dodged sharks and dolphin in his small craft, suffered hallucinations of ghosts. The Press also ran color photos of the newsman-sailor, tanned, bearded and red-eyed. The trip had turned into a



GERMAN PICTURE MAGAZINES
As many losers as roulette.

clear scoop for the Press, and the paper savored its revenge.

The turnabout, however, had been engineered not by the Press, but by Cleveland TV station WEWS, which had also dispatched a team of newsmen to England. They had avoided the swarm of competitors waiting at Falmouth and had set out to sea from Penzance in a \$500-a-day fishing trawler. When they were 265 miles out, they spotted Manry, who invited them aboard. They interviewed him for three and a half hours on sound film, then telephoned the gist of their interview to Cleveland from the trawler. WEWS, also owned by Scripps-Howard, operates independently of the Press, but it agreed to pass on the interview. All the WEWS that was fit to print appeared in the Press even before the film clips went on the air.

Dismayed as it is by its rival's coup, the Plain Dealer is still pushing ahead with plans for covering Manry's arrival, and has arranged to send his family out in a boat to meet him. Trouble is, by week's end he had not been sighted for a few days; even the R.A.F. had not spotted him in heavy fog.

MAGAZINES

War of the Illustrateds

"The trouble with this business is that everybody runs after the same material." With that complaint, Henri Nannen, editor of the German magazine *Der Stern*, summed up the life story of the most widely circulated of all German publications: the illustrated weeklies.

The illustrateds have been snapping and snarling at one another ever since they appeared on newsstands after World War II. They fake stories, trick each other out of pictures, keep plenty of lawyers busy enjoining a competitor's publication at the slightest excuse. In their early days, they tried to outdo each other with atrocity stories about Hitler and the war. Later they switched to a kind of striptease in which each week's winner was the magazine offering the most revealing picture of a peeled fräulein. More recently they have begun to bid top prices for memoirs of

political figures and their hangers-on. "It's a wild, crazy auction," says *Quick's* Editor Karl-Heinz Hagen. "Somebody calls us to find out what his story is worth. Then he calls the opposition and tells him what we offer. No, it's not an auction. It's roulette."

Fake Photos. The game has produced many losers. From a peak of twelve illustrateds in 1955, the number has dwindled to five, and one of these is shaky. *Revue* sold out to *Quick* last month after losing 26.5% of its advertising in the first half of 1965. Last March a badly slipping *Revue* published what purported to be a sensational interview with Nikita Khrushchev in retirement, but the interview was judged to be a phony.

Last June, upon learning that *Der Stern* was about to run some striking photos of a developing embryo taken by Swedish Photographer Lennart Nilsson (that also ran in *LIFE*), *Revue* faked an embryo sequence of its own. It drew a blast from *Stern*: "They borrowed textbook photos, and an institute lent them a fetus preserved in alcohol, and—the pen hesitates to put it down—the whole thing was photographed in a water-filled prophylactic." Lamented *Revue's* retiring Publisher Helmut Kindler: "This German illustrated business is murderous. They tell me that only the Texas oil business is comparable."

Worrisome Rumors. *Revue's* sole only adds to the turmoil of the illustrateds. None of the competition is particularly worried by *Quick's* promises to continue to publish *Revue*, but there is considerable concern about a third party to the deal. Axel Springer, Germany's biggest press king, bought *Revue's* smaller companion magazine *Bravo*, as well as Kindler's elaborate printing plant near Munich.

Though Springer, who now publishes five big dailies, denies he has any intention of entering the illustrated magazine field, rumors abound that he has formed a secret holding company with *Quick*, and that he has a controlling share in the company. "It's about time to blow the whistle on Springer's megalomania," says one fretful illustrated publisher with typical illustrated hyperbole. "This is a danger to democracy."



ROBERT MANRY IN "TINKERBELLE"
All the WEWS fit to print.



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ART

DRAWING

Sketches of the Banned

One balmy April evening in 1924, Federico García Lorca, then studying at the University of Madrid, dropped in at an exhibition of paintings and drawings by a young artist named Gregorio Prieto. Already acclaimed as a poet of merit, Lorca also enjoyed sketching. But much to his dismay, the friends who hung on his every word dismissed his every line. In Prieto, he found someone who could appreciate his art as well as his poetry. After the show the two visited Prieto's atelier, then went on to Lorca's room. There the poet took a drawing titled *The Virgin of Solitude* from

stage décors and a very plain-looking muse. He sketched the heroine of his first well-known play, *Mariana Pineda*, as abject as ever a young señorita could look, in a yellow gown, clutching a red rose to her breast. Many Lorca drawings are in pencil with whispering lines, others are childishly colored in bright crayons. Several, sketched in Manhattan, where in 1929-30 he wrote his most surrealistic poetry (*Poet in New York*), reflect the nightmarish images of this verse with ghostly lines that look like threads clinging to drifting phantoms.

Prieto is one of the few of Lorca's friends who had the good sense to preserve the works. Half joking, Lorca would hand them over to the painter.

COURTESY MRS. AMELIA DEL RIO



LORCA NIGHTMARE
Passion of a moment.

the head of his bed, gave it to his new friend.

Last week the results of the friendship—more than a dozen of Lorca's sketches, as well as portraits and illustrations for Lorca's poems and plays done by Prieto—went on exhibition at the Spanish pavilion at the New York World's Fair. The event was noteworthy in more ways than one. Twelve years after that April evening in Madrid, Lorca had been taken outside the small Spanish village of Fuentevaqueros, where he was born, and shot by a Falangist firing squad. To this day, there has been no official explanation of why he was shot: he had engaged in no revolutionary politics. But the poet quickly became a symbol for the massacre of innocents. For twelve years publication of his name was forbidden in Spain; not until 1960 was one of his plays again publicly enacted. When the pavilion's exhibition opened, it was plain that the ban on Spain's most popular contemporary poet was completely lifted.

Red Roses & Phantoms. More than that, the exhibition offers a revealing glimpse of a personal side of the poet's work. He drew guitars and mandolins,

"Many throw my drawings away," he said, "but I give them to you because I know you will keep them." Soon they decided to do a book together. It never reached publication while the poet lived, but since his death Prieto has become known throughout Spain as the "Line Poet," primarily for his exquisite evocations of Lorca's poetic moods.

Butterflies & Starlings. The poet's own drawings capture more the passion of a moment; Prieto's, the controlled fire that is Lorca's hallmark. The imagery that surprises in print, astonishes in pictures. Lorca's *Ode to Walt Whitman*, for example, goes: "Not for one moment, beautiful aged Walt Whitman, have I failed to see your beard full of butterflies." And there is Prieto's Whitman, bewilderingly beautiful with butterflies snared in his flowing beard. *The Shoemaker's Prodigious Wife*, meanwhile, has starlings nesting in her hair in a delightful depiction of a popular Spanish saying describing a frivulous woman.

The friendship between Prieto and Lorca was a rare meeting of artistic minds. Says Critic J. Ramirez de Lucas,

who is now, with Prieto, preparing an illustrated biography of the poet: "This exhibition brings together the poet who likes to draw, and the painter who likes poetry."

MUSEUMS

Victorian in Vermont

St. Johnsbury, Vt., population 6,809, could be the archetypal New England mill town. Except for city cousins and stray tourists, the prim stillness beneath the elms is rarely disturbed by outsiders. The world—and even St. Johnsbury itself—seems unaware that the brooding, red brick building across from the courthouse is the U.S.'s oldest unaltered art gallery still standing.*

Founded in 1871, the St. Johnsbury Athenaeum grew out of the 19th century fashion for industrial tycoons to dabble in the arts. Horace Fairbanks, whose uncle invented the platform scale, and whose family built the invention into the Fairbanks scale works, made the standard trip to Europe, returning with the usual milky-white copies of classics. Back home, he acquired works by the then-in-vogue Hudson River School painters, built the gallery to house the overflow.

Fairbanks' most handsome purchase was Albert Bierstadt's *Domes of the Yosemite*. The San Francisco Call lamented at the time that the painting "is now doomed to the seclusion of a Vermont town where it will astonish the natives." It would have easily astonished sophisticated San Franciscans. Ten feet high and 15 feet wide, the landscape overwhelms the viewer with a vast panorama of nature. The two famed domes in what is now California's Yosemite National Park soar in the background as the 2,400-foot Yosemite Falls plunges in perfect perspective from under the top of the picture frame into the valley below. Painter Bierstadt traveled to the Athenaeum summers until his death in 1902 to gaze at his masterpiece, often dabbing here and there where the paint had flaked.

As Fairbanks and his kin passed on, the collection grew through bequests, now numbers 87 paintings and ten sculptures, including works by Jasper Cropsey, William and James Hart and Thomas Moran. Today the Athenaeum remains unchanged. The gaslight chandeliers have been electrified, the timeless hush is occasionally broken by construction next door. But the deep-set windows admit the weak northern light just as they did nearly a century ago; the oak and walnut floors gleam from years of polishing. And the statuary from Italy, along with the period paintings from the U.S., still mirrors the comfortable Victorian world of a prosperous Vermont manufacturer.

* Two other galleries were built earlier: Yale's Trumbull Gallery and the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford, Conn. The former is no more; the latter has incorporated the original into a larger building.

THE FAIRBANKS ATHENAEUM: A Polished Period Piece of Yesteryear

HIGH TASTE of the 1870s is perfectly preserved in Vermont's St. Johnsbury Athenaeum. Founded by native-born industrialist, Governor Horace Fairbanks, collection combines copies from Italy with now back-in-vogue American landscapes. Focus of museum is an Albert Bierstadt masterpiece, *Domes of the Yosemite*, flanked by the bust of Founder Fairbanks.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANK LEINER



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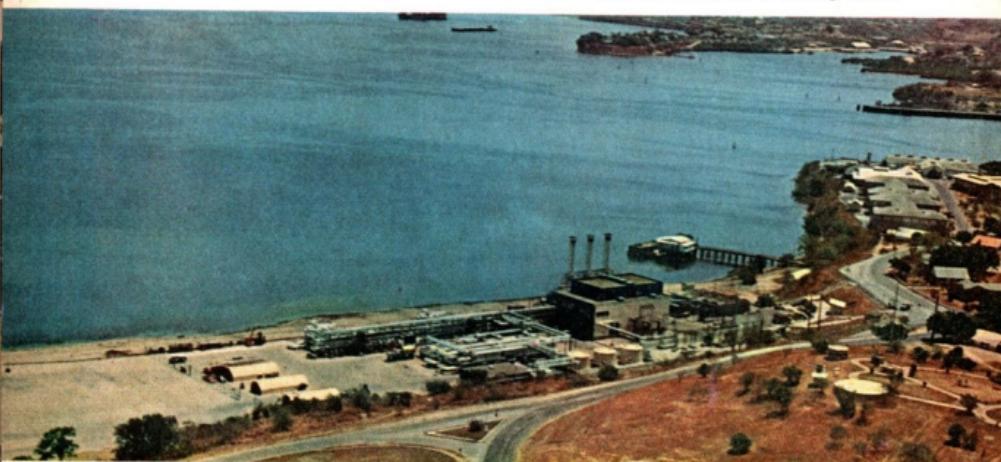
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EDUCATION

STUDENTS

The Bright D-Minus Kids

*Go to college,
continue your knowledge
To be a person,
smart, brave, and true;
For if they can make penicillin
out of moldy cheese,
They surely can make something
out of you.*

This bit of verse was written by Arnie Gant, a 15-year-old Negro who lives in a public-housing project in The Bronx and is one of the thousands of kids whom it has become fashionable for the experts to call "culturally deprived." But even while resenting that tag, Arnie sees some humor in everybody's eagerness to "save" him. He wrote his wry lines for fellow members of Columbia University's Project Double Discovery, one of about 40 programs that have proliferated this summer to help bright but borderline students get interested in—and into—college.

These projects are a teen-age parallel to Project Head Start (*TIME*, July 2), the summertime preschooling program for five- and six-year-olds financed by federal anti-poverty funds. Like Head Start, they were pioneered by private foundations, then picked up by Sargent Shriver's Office of Economic Opportunity. Under the \$2.5 million Government program—which, in the mania for rah-rah labels, Shriver calls Upward Bound—about 2,500 high school kids are enrolled in eight-week summer-training courses at 17 colleges, while another 25 projects are still privately financed.

The Tragic View. Like Columbia's Double Discovery, the projects pluck kids out of stifling home environments, plop them down amidst such relative grandeur as the ivy-covered arches of Yale's Divinity School or the modernity of Western Washington State College's new Ridgeway Dormitory complex. "Why, this is a brand-new building!" cried one girl at Western Washington. "I thought you'd put us somewhere where it wouldn't matter if we wrecked things!" They live with college-age counselors, take rigorous academic instruction that ranges, as at Yale, from remedial composition to a course in Greek civilization that is described by the instructor as "the same one I teach Yale seniors." They are particularly quick at grasping ideas about conflict and tragedy in literature. "You don't have to convince these kids of the tragic view of life," says English Teacher Bruce MacDonald at Yale. "They know life is tough."

Typically, the schools get the students up at 5:30 a.m., work them until noon, cart them off on tours of civic and historical sites in the afternoon, assign three hours of homework, and provide time for the kids to have long talk sessions with advisers. Many of those who



HIGH-SCHOOLERS AT COLUMBIA



OUTING IN VICTORIA

"We don't aspire to haircuts."

show promise will be given preferential admission if they apply to the same college after high school graduation.

Integrated Seagulls. The main challenge to teachers is to get the youngsters to care about learning. "They are the D-minus crowd," says Western Washington's Dr. Charles J. Flora, "the kids who say to themselves, 'Hell, I could do it if I wanted to, but who wants to?'" That is no idle boast for many. The IQs in the Washington project average 118, for example, and the kids cannot be conned by condescension.

Indeed, most of them have a healthy attitude about the whole experience and, in their teen-age lingo, they like to joke about being "socially deprived." Quipped a Seattle girl: "We didn't know we were deprived of anything until we read about it in the newspaper." "In our stratum of society," proclaimed one shaggy-haired youth with a sly grin, "we don't aspire to haircuts." On a ferryboat outing to Victoria, B.C., a Negro student watched a number of black-backed gulls mingling overhead with grey and white herring gulls and chuckled: "We're being intellectually stimulated watching the integrated seagulls." Another boy, appalled by a teacher's professed ignorance about "pot" (marijuana), observed: "You'd sure be disadvantaged in my neighborhood."

Trying to "Rate." Many teachers find that kind of saucy intelligence more promising than the studied sophistication they often get in their regular classes. "They respond in a rare and open way," says Yale's Morris Kaplan. "They're still capable of wonder." The kids, too, appreciate the frank talk. "Nobody ever thought I had an idea worth listening to," said a Western Washington girl. "So I never told any-

⁸ Echoing, in an urban way, Dwight Eisenhower's reminiscence about his Kansas boyhood: "I was of a big family of boys, six of us. And we were very poor, but the point is we didn't know we were poor."

body anything." Another student admitted that she had wasted her earlier high school years trying to "rate" among her friends. "I've learned more in these past seven weeks than I learned in the 17 years that went before," she says now. "I'm through with that 'in-group' crap!"

"I'm through with that bigroup crap." Most project officials are convinced that the \$1,000 or so invested in each of the students this summer will bring big rewards in the saving of otherwise wasted talent and in the kids' own discovery of their potentialities. Of the first 50 students at Western Washington, Instructor Richard Cobb says: "Ten are going to fail, one should have been sent home the first week, and seven of them would have made it without us. But for 32, we've been a godsend."

Yet most of the students still must survive a year or more of high school back in their home environment, where this summer's glow can easily fade. "When you aspire, like they say," wonders one Negro boy, "don't you get slapped down that much easier?" Aware of this problem, many project leaders have assigned home-town counselors to keep in touch with the kids and to keep them Upward Bound.

COLLEGES

A Point in Time at Wellesley

To connoisseurs of the East's fabled "Seven Sisters" women's colleges, Wellesley girls stand out as a bit odd, at least as seen in stereotype. They are not given to the long hair, bulging book bags and breathless brilliance found at Radcliffe. They lack the Junior-League-socialite attitude of Smith, Vassar's earnest, do-gooder zeal eludes them; nor do they share the compulsive egotitarianism of Barnard students. They are neither so muscularly athletic as the Bryn Mawr girls nor quite so country-sweet as the Mount Holyoke lasses. Their distinguishing characteristic, in short, is that they don't stand out. They



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*Born through fire
but cool as a cucumber*

George Dickel got a special kind of charcoal granules when he burned his ricks of highland maple.

When he mellowed up his Tennessee Sour Mash Drinkin' Whisky through 6,200 pounds of this char, he'd say the whisky

was born through fire and made "cool as a cucumber."



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tend simply to be wholesome girls who make normal, well-adjusted housewives and civic-minded citizens.

One important reason for that reputation is Wellesley College President Margaret Clapp, 55, who emphasizes a well-balanced liberal-arts education for her girls. She is a sharp critic of what she calls "the smorgasbord school," where students get a wide, undirected choice of elective courses that adds up to a smattering of everything and a challenge from nothing. She prefers what she calls the "plate dinner-and-dessert" menu, in which basic courses are balanced with a few enticing extras.

That philosophy comes fittingly to Margaret Clapp, who was a writer of poetry, a teacher of English, a Ph.D. and a respected historian before moving to the 500-acre, 90-year-old Massa-



MISS CLAPP

Dinner and dessert, not smorgasbord. chusetts school 16 years ago (TIME cover, Oct. 10, 1949). In addition to setting a brisk, workmanlike tone for her students, "Miss Clapp" (never "Dr.") enhanced the character of the school itself with an admirable administrative skill. Keeping student enrollment to a steady 1,700, she doubled the college's endowment from \$30 million to \$62 million, increased faculty salaries from a 1950 average of \$4,291 to last year's \$10,020.

Apparently, after 16 years Miss Clapp reckoned that she had completed her job. Last week she announced that she will resign next July. "I am convinced," she said, "that Wellesley is at a point in time when it will benefit from fresh vision and new leadership." Characteristically, she then proceeded to instruct her faculty on how to elect a committee to help choose her successor, and even on what to do in case of a tie vote. Whereupon, without fuss or flutter, she skipped off to a secluded vacation. Few faculty members shared her serenity and poise, and many failed to squelch the tears that flowed at the thought of Miss Clapp's leaving.

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MODERN LIVING



BEACH AT ANTALYA
Refugees from lotioned nymphdom.

RESORTS

Turkish Delights

Beaches are a matter of personal taste. Under the impression that popularity spells quality, the timid tourist is apt to want his beaches garnished with multicolored parasols, well-lotioned nymphs, and even a lifeguard thrown in for good measure. But a few intrepid travelers still like their beaches *au naturel*, and more and more are discovering that some of the most beautiful, unspoiled beaches in the world are to be found between two remote little towns named Antalya and Anamur on the south coast of Turkey.

Framed against the Taurus mountain range that rises sharply to the north, and edged with orange, lemon, olive, and fig trees, the 100-mile "Turkish Riviera" is every adventurer's mid-summer daydream come true. It offers every variety of beach, from powdered sand to pebble to worn rocks. Here and there, cool mountain streams spill over steep cliffs into small, semitropical coves, and everywhere unexploited ruins lend an air of timeless tranquillity. Marble columns stand cool and sublime amongst pine trees, crusaders' castles tower above rocky promontories, and old fortresses jut out into the ocean. Most wonderful of all, the coast is virtually devoid of tourists.

The reason is simple enough. Most of the Turkish Riviera has barely been touched by the 20th century. The hotels are few and Spartan, the food is good but unfamiliar, the night life is nil, and travel is tortuous. Overland, the only means of reaching the coast from Istanbul is a two-day trip over winding, potholed roads.

But none of these problems plague most visitors to the Turkish Riviera—they come by sea. Crowded out of Monte Carlo and tired of touring the Greek

islands, members of the international yachting set have begun to drop their anchors and their passengers near Turkey's untrammeled delights. Among the yachts that recently graced the port of Antalya were the three-masted schooner *Sylvia*, owned by Fiat Vice Chairman Gianni Agnelli, and the black 245-ton schooner *Taitu*, owned by Italian Builder Giorgio Varvaro.

The Turkish government is slowly becoming aware that it has a priceless tourist asset in the area, has reduced the price on its two weekly flights from Istanbul to a modest \$12 in order to lure newcomers. Since the cut rates went into effect eight weeks ago, the flights have been jammed. Turks and a few adventurous Europeans are heading for the place where a good room on the beach costs only \$1.50 to \$3 a night, and a seven-room house (with plumbing) goes for about \$150 monthly.

HOBBIES

The Durable A

A lady was driving serenely past Rochester on the Thruway recently when a state policeman waved her off the road. "But, officer, I couldn't have been speeding," she protested. "My car won't go over 55." Her car was a 1929 Model A Ford. After running his hand along the car's fender and glancing under the running board, the cop replied: "I know that, lady. I'm leaving for Dearborn in my A tomorrow, and I just wanted to see what the competition will be."

Both were heading for the annual convention of the Model A Restorers Club, which ended last week. As it turned out, the competition was too stiff for both Mrs. Jack Larson from Union, Conn., and Trooper Melvin Thorpe, On hand were 287 of the world's best-preserved Model A's. Except for a few of what most competitors scornfully call "stretcher cases" (cars brought by trailer), all of the A's were driven from their home towns, and one had made it from San Diego averaging 16 miles per gallon and hitting 55 miles an hour without any trouble.

From the Wastebasket. In this day of rampant obsolescence and inexorable progress, many of the things that people love most dearly are those that they have rescued—either through stubbornness or nostalgia—from history's wastebasket. The Model A is one of them. Of the 4,849,340 A's produced between 1927 and 1932, some 300,000 are still standing, and many run and look as good as—if not better than—new.

The successor to the old Model T, the Model A has, in fact, proved the most durable car in the world. For its original price tag of \$500, it was a remarkably sophisticated and racy automobile. It came equipped with an electric starter, electric windshield wipers and a virtually foolproof heater. It also reversed the Ford policy of "the choice

J. EDWARD DAILEY



VINTAGE FORDS IN DETROIT
Survivors of inexorable progress.

of any color as long as it was black." It came in colors whose names would make today's automotive palette seem pale indeed—Moleskin Brown, Andalucia Blue, Cigarette Cream, Mulberry Maroon, Chicle Drab.

The job of the restorer is to return the car as close to factory condition as possible. Many of the cars are rescued from the junk heap; others are bought from philistines who have put in engines from other cars and replaced original with makeshift parts. To discover how the car once was, restorers thumb through old Ford service booklets, then set out to find the missing parts. Many are found at the restorers' annual swap. A perfectionist who had been looking for five years for a 3-in. front-seat adjusting screw picked one up at Dearborn last week for \$5.

Show Race. Next to their cars, Model A restorers love other Model A restorers more than anything else in the world, and the annual convention is the high point of every year. Restorers admiringly—and enviously—go over every inch of each other's antiques. Flourishing "before" pictures, they try to outdo each other with stories of mileage, speed, and prices offered (top price on record is \$6,000 for a two-door Phaeton). But the moment of truth is the judging. After a day's parade through Detroit and on across the border into Windsor, Ont., the owners took their rags and wax and polished up their beauties for the final day.

Explains George De Angelis, a co-chairman of the club: "The first round is to separate the men from the boys. A car that has a 6.00 x 16 wheel instead of the original wire wheel—he's out right away." Then the judges get down to finer points. Cars manufactured in 1928 and 1929, for instance, came with nickel-plated bright-work, which requires constant polishing. To save on elbow grease, some owners have chromed their radiator grilles and head lamps. Says De Angelis: "That's O.K., unless it comes down to some real close judging. Then the car with the nickel plate wins." Best of show went to Arland Banning of Des Moines, who owned a 1931 de luxe Phaeton with snap-in isinglass windows. Final event of the meet is a "slow-driving contest." Each contestant drives his car as slowly as possible in high gear without bucking and stalling—which takes perfect tuning of carburetor and ignition. The slowest car wins.

TRANSPORTATION

Floating on Air

The thing seemed straight out of a science-fiction thriller. It floated inches off the ground, sounded like a chain saw, and maneuvered like a drunken crab. The contraption stopped alongside a plane bound for Los Angeles, and Oakland Mayor John Houlahan stepped out onto the deck, shouting into a microphone: "Gentlemen, this has been a

wonderful experience! We're really going to pioneer in this field."

The mayor was inaugurating the first scheduled passenger service in the U.S. of a Hovercraft, the British-designed flying machine that rides above the ground on a cushion of compressed air, can skim both land and sea (provided there are no major hills or waves) at a brisk 85 m.p.h. This one had just floated over San Francisco Bay, scooted up a ramp without breaking stride, and roared on across the Oakland airstrip to its destination.

The scheduled shuttle between the Oakland and San Francisco airports should prove the perfect opportunity for the Hovercraft to show its stuff. Cheaper to run than helicopters and far more versatile than hydrofoils, the amphibious craft can cozy right up to an airplane, load up and transport its 15 passengers to a terminal on the other side of the bay so smoothly that they

—and often the most fun—part of every golf tournament. A few days before a member-member tournament, or on the night before a member-guest, a properly anointed auctioneer would "sell" each team to the highest bidder. If the members were affluent and the bidding spirited, the pot sometimes went into five figures—which the "owners" of the winning teams happily pocketed.

Then disaster struck. Two con men showed up as guests at a respectable Long Island club, posted grossly exaggerated handicaps, and bought a piece of themselves. They handily won their flight, and walked off with a large chunk of the \$16,106.93 purse. Shortly thereafter, the United States Golf Association ruled that Calcuttas were strictly out of bounds, and most clubs stowed their auction hammers away in old closets.

But for golfers who liked to gamble, playing in tournaments without a purse was as dreary as dancing without music.

STEPHEN FRISCH



HOVERCRAFT IN SAN FRANCISCO

The sound of a chain saw, the motion of a drunken crab.

will not know when they are riding over cement or sea.

Not that the ship is a veritable magic carpet. The engine makes so much noise that passengers have difficulty carrying on a conversation, and the forced air kicks up so much dust and spray that the visibility through the windows is almost zero. But the engineers are learning fast. Early in the spring, a test Hovercraft capsized while making a high-speed turn, but that has not happened since.

RECREATION

Five-Figure Exercise

Say the word Calcutta to most Americans, and they think of sari-clad Indians bathing in the Ganges and sacred cows basking in the middle of dirty thoroughfares. But say Calcutta to the member of a golf club, and he is apt to look nervously to either side and whisper, "Shhhh! How did you know we were having one this year?"

Until 1955, a Calcutta was an integral

So betting slowly crept back to the links, and today members in hundreds of clubs across the country are watching fellow golfers practice putts with more than a casual interest. Many clubs are playing it safe, allowing only modest parimutuel bets; others have returned to the auctions of old, only slightly toned down. Wary in some cases of local ordinances against gambling while drinking (most Calcutta auctions are held after dinner parties), nervous about the Internal Revenue Service's ruling that Calcuttas are gambling operations and therefore subject to tax, and anxious not to displease the U.S.G.A., most clubs now place a limit on the bids and a muzzle on the members.

In fact, to hear most officials tell it, the only money that ever changes hands on a golf course these days goes to the caddies. As for that roll that was handed over to the winner of the tournament, well, he is probably the head of the local Red Cross chapter, and is simply taking the club's annual collection down to the bank. At 6 p.m. Sunday,



NICKLAUS SINKING 45-FOOTER
\$24,300 putt.

GOLF

Long Live the King!

The first year Jack Nicklaus decided that playing golf was a nicer way to make a million than selling insurance, he merely won the U.S. Open (TIME cover, June 29, 1962), two other tournaments, and pocketed \$61,869 in official earnings. That year Arnold Palmer, golf's reigning king, won eight tournaments and took home \$81,448. In his sophomore year, Nicklaus won five tournaments and \$100,040. Palmer was still king with seven victories and \$128,230. After that, it was goodbye Arnie. In his junior year, Nicklaus won four tournaments to Palmer's two and collected a nifty \$113,284 to edge Palmer by \$81 as golf's top money winner.

Now, at 25, Jack is a four-year man, and about all that aging (35) Arnie has left is his army. After last week's P.G.A. championship, Nicklaus has won four tournaments, including the Masters, has already made more money than last year (see box), and is within \$2,500 of beating Palmer's all-time record for a season. Where's Arnie? With only one victory and \$27,712 in official earnings, he was not even among the top 20 money winners.

Light Fantastic. Not that Nicklaus has been working all that hard. He was so preoccupied with learning to fly his new twin-engined Grand Commander early in the year that he had a paltry \$14,400 in prize money just before the Masters in April. All of which was hardly enough to pay for the airplane gas. Nicklaus fixed that at the Masters

SPORT

with a withering third-round 64 that gave him a nine-stroke victory worth \$20,000 and a 72-hole total of 271—17 strokes under par and three under Ben Hogan's 1953 record. All that Gary Player, Jack's runner-up at the Masters, could say was: "Fantastic!"

At the Memphis Open in late May, Nicklaus seemed out of contention, five strokes off the pace after 54 holes. Then there came Jack with a sensational 65 on the last 18 to throw the tournament into a sudden-death play-off with Johnny Pott, and pocket the winner's \$9,000 after the first play-off hole. In the Thunderbird Classic at Westchester Country Club two weeks ago, Nicklaus was one stroke behind Gary Player with four holes to go. So on the next hole, a 454-yr. par four, he banged his No. 3 iron second shot to within 15 ft. of the pin, cannoned the putt for a birdie three—and went on to a two-stroke, \$20,000 victory.

He made it two in a row at the Philadelphia Golf Classic. Locked in a four-way tie for the lead with two holes to go, he unlocked the tournament with an eagle three (including a 45-ft. putt) on the 515-yr. 17th. That one was worth \$24,300.

Hazards of Helpfulness. As for Arnie, after a horrendous 43 for nine holes at Philadelphia, he picked up and went home to Latrobe, Pa., to get ready for the P.G.A., last of the Big Four tournaments and the only one he has never won. The experts gave him a chance. After all, this year's tournament was being played on Palmer's home course at the Laurel Valley Golf Club. Poor Arnie. Between assisting the tournament committee and signing autographs, he hardly knew what he was doing.

In the very first round, he let a couple of helpful fellows tear down a wooden bridge railing that was blocking his shot to the 1st green. That cost him two penalty strokes and a six for the hole. Next day he knocked a rock out of a gully on the 11th hole while taking a practice swing. Two more penalty strokes for grounding his club in a hazard. Score after three rounds: 221, eight strokes over par.

Nicklaus, of course, was high up, fighting for his second P.G.A. victory. Jack was grousing about his drives, then his approaches went a triflce sour. Even so, going into the final hole, he was still two under par for the tournament, tied with Billy Casper and barely two strokes behind his playing partner, Dave



PALMER WATCHING RAILING REMOVAL
\$27,712 season.

Marr, a journeyman golfer who had not won a tournament since 1962. A birdie for Nicklaus and a bogie for Marr would mean a playoff. Teeing off for the 470-yr. par-four, Marr hooked his drive into a fairway trap, while Nicklaus slammed one 300-yr. deadcenter. But after all those years, Marr was not about to throw it away. With a beautiful recovery and approach, he salvaged his par, and Jack missed his birdie. That did it. The new P.G.A. champion, \$25,-000 richer, was Dave Marr. Nicklaus settled for a \$12,500 split of second and third money with Casper—not a bad week's work.

Considering the caliber of the play, the odds are always against any one golfer winning any one tournament. But whoever wins has to worry about beating Jack Nicklaus. Golf, if anyone had a doubt, has a new king.

POWERBOAT RACING Halfway There

The Gold Cup means to powerboat racing roughly the same thing that the Indianapolis 500 does to auto racing. The boats are the biggest, fastest and trickiest to handle; powered by souped up 2,000-h.p. World War II aircraft engines, they scream along at speeds up to 180 m.p.h., tossing huge rooster tails of spray 40 ft. high in their wakes. The crowds are the biggest—300,000 or more. And the prize is the richest—\$10,500, plus a new car to the winner.

At last week's 58th annual running of the race on Seattle's Lake Washington, the sentimental favorite was a hometown hero: Ron Musson, 36, who had won the cup for the past two years in *Miss Bardahl*. But his hydroplane was three years old, had not been running well since it was dropped from a crane

GOLF'S BIGGEST WINNERS

	Tournaments Entered	Tournaments Won	Times in Top Five	Money Won
Jack Nicklaus	14	4	12	\$126,500
Billy Casper	22	2	9	73,408
Gary Player	12	1	4	63,114
Bruce Devlin	21	0	7	63,070
Tony Lema	20	1	6	63,017

last month. In the trials, Musson was fourth (at 113.5 m.p.h.) among twelve qualifiers—far behind the record-setting (120.3 m.p.h.) *Miss Exide*. "Usually I try to win every heat," grumbled Musson, "but now I just try and keep my boat from falling apart."

Putt-Putting Along. That was the trick. Five boats dropped out with blown engines or smashed hulls. But there was Musson putt-putting along at a mere 160 m.p.h., keeping everything together and racking up points. Going into the fourth and final heat, *Miss Bardahl* was tied with *Miss Notre Dame* for first place, each with two wins and one second. Bang went the starter's gun and off shot *Notre Dame* ahead of *Miss Bardahl*. Musson appeared beaten. But a fuel line burst in third-place *Miss Exide*'s engine compartment. The flames forced Driver Bill Brow to dive into the lake, and that automatically halted the race. The finals would have to be rerun.

As the boats maneuvered for the last start, Musson boldly flashed across the line in almost the same split second the gun sounded, getting a 50-yd. jump on *Miss Notre Dame*. No one even got close to him as he swept across the finish line at an average speed of 110.655 m.p.h. Said Musson: "If I can win five cups to tie Gar Wood and then win one more for myself, it's doubtful that anyone at any time can beat that record." He is halfway there.

BASEBALL

\$100,000 for Sandy

With 48 games still to go, Los Angeles Dodgers General Manager Buzzie Bavasi last week passed the word that he would give Sandy Koufax a \$30,000 raise next season, making him the first pitcher in history to earn \$100,000 a year. "He's worth it," said Bavasi. "Sandy pulls an extra \$10,000 into the park every time he pitches."

Bavasi must be afraid Koufax will ask for \$120,000 next year. The attendance figures show an average of an extra 8,600 fans every time Koufax pitches. Smart fans. Last week Sandy became the first pitcher in either league this season to win 20 games—and he has only four losses. He beat the New York Mets again, striking out 14 men in nine innings. That plus another 12 strikeouts in shutting out Pittsburgh 1-0 for his 21st victory at week's end brought his total K's this year to 279. With about twelve pitching turns to go, he seems a cinch to smash Bob Feller's alltime major league record of 348 strikeouts.

Sportswriters are talking about Koufax winning 30 games, which would make him the first pitcher to achieve that since Dizzy Dean won 30 for the St. Louis Cardinals in 1934. "I would have to win almost every start the rest of the way and pick up some in relief," says Koufax. With the Dodgers clinging to a thin lead and three teams in pursuit, Manager Walt Alston was thinking along exactly those lines.

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SCIENCE

ECOLOGY

Time for Transfusion

Lake Erie is critically ill, and the symptoms are there for all to see. Beaches that once were gleaming with white sand are covered with smelly greenish slime. The lake's prize fish—walleyes, blue pike, yellow perch and whitefish—have all but disappeared, and the fishing fleets along with them. After surveying their sludgy waters last year, over 1,000,000 irate Ohio citizens petitioned Governor James A. Rhodes to ask for remedial action, and thousands have sent in letters. Wrote one Clevelander: "Our lake is a wastebasket for factories. It is unfit for fish to live in and for people to enjoy."

Such complaints have echoed all the way to Washington, and at Ohio's request, representatives of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare gave the lake a complete medical checkup. They plumbed its depths, studied its surface, tested its water and measured its oxygen. With its findings in hand, the department held a two-week-long hearing for the five states that form Erie's watershed. The proceedings began with a grim conclusion: the lake has been brought to its deathbed by the citizens and industries that surround it; only a massive transfusion of money and effort can save it from becoming a North American Dead Sea.

Fertilizing Algae. Major reason for the lake's pollution is that most of its larger tributaries have turned into little more than open sewers. Detroit alone pours 1.5 billion gallons of waste a day into the Detroit River, which flows di-



rectly into Lake Erie. The Cuyahoga River, which runs through the middle of Akron and Cleveland before spilling into the lake, is so clogged with logs, rotted pilings, flammable chemicals, oil slicks and old tires that it has been labeled a fire hazard. Adding to the scum and stench are thousands of dead fish that were smothered by the pollution. On a cruise up the Buffalo River last summer, Buffalo Mayor Chester Kowal slid past islands of detergents, pools of grain dust, and a general rainbow of industrial discharge. The stink was overpowering. "Unbelievable! Disgusting!" he concluded.

Residential sewage presents almost as much of a problem. A startlingly high percentage of lakeside residents run sewage directly into the lake. Along New York's portion of the Erie basin, 78% of the homeowners depend upon a primitive, inadequate settling process. Even some municipal sewage-treatment plants add to the problem. If they are hooked up to a combined network of sewage and storm-water pipes, they can usually handle only a small percentage of the sewage during a storm. The rest passes completely untreated into the river through emergency runoff pipes, then oozes into the lake.

Rich in the same phosphates that fertilize a farmer's crops, the sewage triggers a fantastic growth of algae on the lake's bottom. Some 87 tons of phosphates are dumped into the water each day, and each pound is capable of breeding 350 tons of slime. Because dead blue-green underwater plants rob the water of its oxygen, much of Lake Erie is now a "dead" sea incapable of supporting any fish life. When the algae eventually breaks off and floats to the surface, it clogs commercial fishing nets, blocks water-intake pipes and washes onto beaches, leaving foul-smelling deposits of decaying vegetation.

Brown Sludge. Behind much of the trouble has been an argument over authority. In the Buffalo area, for instance, neither the state nor federal health agencies have been conducting any inspections of industrial plants discharging wastes into the lakes or the Buffalo River, both claiming that they

have neither the jurisdiction nor the manpower. At first, New York even took a lofty, disinterested attitude toward the whole conference on the grounds that the state is at the lower end of the lake, and could not be contributing to the pollution—although the delegates could see, if they chose to look, dark eddies of brown sludge swirling at the foot of Niagara Falls.

By week's end though, New York, Michigan, Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania had all been convinced. They pledged support for a far-ranging federal-state program that calls for tight controls over industrial waters and secondary sewage plants. The program should be in operation by the beginning of 1969, and may cost the states upwards of a billion dollars apiece. To ease the pain, the Federal Government plans to pay part of the cost of all new sewage plants.

SPACE

Flight of the Hangar Queen

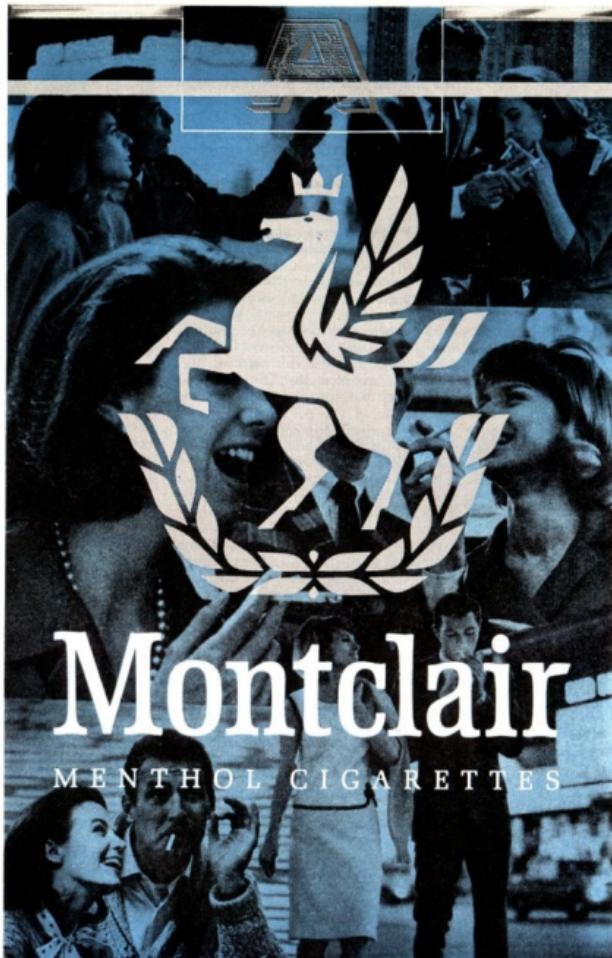
Two catastrophic failures out of five firings, an accidental explosion on a test stand, a three-year lag in the development schedule, and a \$552 million price tag have all earned NASA's liquid-hydrogen-fueled Centaur rocket such derisive nicknames as "the Hangar Queen" and "the Edsel of the Missile Industry." But as it separated from its Atlas booster and ignited in a burst of pale blue flame high above the Atlantic Ocean last week, Centaur took on its proper dignity. The most powerful rocket of its size in the world, built to fire a one-ton Surveyor spacecraft to the moon, the 48-ft. Centaur shoved a dumpy Surveyor into a perfect flight toward a preselected point in space, 240,000 miles from earth.

Not only did the trouble-plagued Pratt & Whitney hydrogen engines take full charge in flight, but the guidance for the General Dynamics rocket system checked out perfectly. Centaur soared into an orbit that was so exact that had Surveyor carried the proper equipment, it could have made a slight mid-course correction and been on its way to the moon.

LAKE ERIE AT CLEVELAND



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SHOW BUSINESS

STARS

Voyage of the Southern Breeze

Frank Sinatra cannot help it. His protests notwithstanding, he does things the noticeable way.

Tired after a recent concert tour, Frank announced that he needed a month-long vacation and chartered the *Southern Breeze*, a 168-ft. yacht owned by Houston businessman C. W. Edwards, for a reported \$2,000 a day. Mostly he asked people his own age—respectable Hollywood matrons such as Claudette Colbert, Merle Oberon, Rosalind Russell, and their husbands. He also invited Mia Farrow, 20-year-old daughter of actress Maureen O'Sullivan and the late Director John Farrow.

The ensuing voyage was probably the most closely watched since Cleopatra floated down the Nile to meet Mark Antony. Frank had been seeing Mia steadily for six months, and on the tip of every Hollywood tongue was the question: Was he or wasn't he? Married, that is. Mother O'Sullivan was

positively snippy about it. "If Mr. Sinatra is going to marry anyone, he ought to marry me," she said. In the circumstances, Sinatra might reasonably have opted for some remote, potentially private area, but instead he chose the vacationer-clogged coast of New England. When the *Southern Breeze* anchored off Newport on the first night, reporters were swarming. "Are you married? Do you plan to get married?" Sinatra and Mia said nothing. At Edgartown on Martha's Vineyard, the same questions got the same silence.

On Sinatra sailed, pursued by jokes and quips like a moving cloud of midges. Mia does not smoke or drink, explained Jack E. Leonard in Las Vegas, Nev., "she's still teething." A columnist recalled that Frankie had said: "I'm pushing 50, but what the hell. Let's say I've got five good years left. Why don't I enjoy them?" And Henny Youngman was asking if any had heard that "Dean Martin sent a telegram to Frank saying, 'I've got Scotch older than she is.'"

For the weekend, the *Southern Breeze* dropped anchor off the Kennedy compound near Hyannis Port. Frank had been there before and, as befitting the courtesies due one clan chieftain from another, his first move was to pay a courtesy call on old Joe Kennedy. They spent an hour together, and etiquette naturally suggested a return call. Boston Globe Photographer Edward Jenner got an urgent tip that Jackie Kennedy herself would board the *Southern Breeze* for dinner.

Jenner and three other Boston newsmen rented a small launch and staked out the Sinatra yacht. The water was choppy, the light was fading, and the mist was rising when a launch approached the *Southern Breeze*. As it swung alongside and hove to, the newsmen caught a glimpse of a woman in a black sweater and light slacks who looked like Jackie going up the *Southern Breeze*'s companionway. All four photographers began shooting. "It was like working down at the Boston Garden," said the A.P.'s J. Walter Green. "You're so damn busy, you don't see the fight." After the visitors were aboard, the newsmen squinted through binoculars. "I looked right in her face," declares Green, "and I thought it was Jackie."

Fast Denial. The picture certainly looked like Jackie, and newspapers printed it in good faith. Headlines flared: JACKIE VISITS SINATRA (Cleveland Plain Dealer); JACKIE SEES FRANKIE AND HIS DREAMBOAT (New York Daily News). Jackie had visited Sinatra when the Kennedy Administration was young and gay, but since then, there had been the assassination. At millions of breakfast tables, there was a shocked reaction to the image of Jack Kennedy's widow lending her presence to Sinatra's loveboat.



MIA & FRANK AWAITING MYSTERY LADY



MYSTERY LADY ABOARD
Jackie turned out to be Pat.



MAMA, MIA AND SISTER (CENTER)

Plenty of chaperons.

No body was more aware of the impact than the politically conscious Kennedys. They quietly revealed that Jackie had dined with Teddy that evening. Jackie's secretary, Pamela Turnure, told reporters that the visit had never taken place. Bobby called the A.P. and asked for a correction. The A.P. obliged.

But if Jackie had not gone aboard the *Southern Breeze*, who was the lady in the black sweater? Neither Bobby, nor Teddy, nor Frankie was willing to say. But Roz Russell was: "It was Pat Lawford," she said, speaking as someone who was there. Subsequent pictures, published belatedly, made fuzzily clear that she was right.

Last Launch. So far it had all been fun and games. And then real life and real death intruded. Lingering over late-night coffee too long in Martha's Vineyard, the *Southern Breeze*'s Third Mate Robert Goldfarb, 23, and Steward Jim Grimes missed the last launch back. Two pretty young waitresses, anxious for a closer look at the yacht, volunteered to row them out in a dinghy. Four hundred feet offshore it capsized, and Goldfarb gave the only life pre-



MRS. ROBERT GOLDFARB
Lack of condolence.

server to Grimes, who could not swim. By the time rescue launches arrived, Goldfarb had been washed away.

With spirits dampened, Sinatra headed back to New York. Somehow it no longer seemed such a lark, and the balding star even answered a hallooing newsman, told him: "You're right, I am not married." Next morning Frank did not appear to express condolences to Goldfarb's widow and parents, who came aboard to collect his personal effects. The idyl was disintegrating.

That afternoon Mia and Frank took launches to opposite sides of the Hudson. He was presumably visiting his parents in New Jersey, while Mia met her mother in Manhattan. After a lunch at the Plaza, Mother O'Sullivan set out to set the record straight. "Mia has been ill and was in the hospital for three days. Rest and relaxation was what she needed. That was the reason she went for the cruise." Then she had an added thought. "The one thing that has been overlooked here, I think," said Maureen, "is that she was perfectly chaperoned during this whole thing. And by dear friends of mine. I was in touch with them at all times."

TELEVISION

Triple Jeopardy

Any other TV producer would think his ship had come in if one of his ingénues were piped aboard Frank Sinatra's good ship *Southern Breeze*. But Paul Monash, executive producer of ABC's *Peyton Place*, needed Mia Farrow's cruise like a hole in the hull. For one thing, *Peyton Place* had all the voyeur interest it needed on-screen without any help from off-screen publicity. For another, even before all the headlines from Cape Cod, *Peyton Place*'s ratings were about as high as they could go.

"**Realistic Escapism.**" When *Peyton Place* was first announced for the 1964-65 season, the industry wondered if ABC programming had been taken over by some kind of nut. The network was not only gambling on soap opera in prime time but also doubling the stakes with another innovation—running the untested show two nights a week. But the network reasoned that 1) audiences could be hooked as easily in the evening as in the afternoon by the serial format, and 2) that the U.S., newly caught up in the "romantic escapism" of Ian Fleming, might be similarly ripe for the "realistic escapism" of Grace Metalious. Realism, of course, turned out to be a euphemism for a concentration of sexual adventurism such as no network had ever risked before.

In its first season, *Peyton Place* was so successful that in June the network added a third weekly show, making the schedule Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 9:30 p.m. (E.D.T.). Ever since, even the laggard in the entry was never out of the Top 15, and at one point, the whole trio was bunched into the first five. The trick is if you see one, you

have to see them all—all of the series' half dozen crises are mentioned and intensified in every episode.

Though the first *Peyton Place* was to have the same protagonists and proclivities as Metalious' peeping tome, Producer Monash insisted that the tone would be different. The novel, he says, was "a negativistic attack. Ours is a love affair with the town. The general feeling we have is of people evolving toward the light." But after 102 episodes, there has been little perceptible evolution.

Last week's three chapters, for instance, interwove the multiple subplots without even a glimmer of psychic peace or a fleeting, joyous guffaw. Dr. Vincent Markham, back home after winning "international renown as the Albert Schweitzer of the Andes," was, it turned out, on the brink of divorce because he could not relate to women, and on the road to suicide because of sibling rivalry with a twin brother. The

tions, not to mention the whole 32-character plot line, is the responsibility of *Peyton Place*'s "story board." The board, consisting of three senior writers, and aided by a constantly updated chart presentation that probably has no counterpart outside the Pentagon's "war room," lays out each episode. Five junior writers then turn their scenarios into finished scripts. None of the eight writers is over 35; only two earn less than \$1,000 a week.

Expensive Trappings. But they have to work to stay in that bracket. The cameras grind away on the back lot at 20th Century-Fox in Hollywood filming three half-hour episodes a week—more than the average movie crew shoots in a month. Thus the production is less polished than a feature film and sometimes barely distinguishable from the commercials.

Nevertheless, should ratings and sponsorship warrant, the staff stands



MIA'S DOUBLE IN "PEYTON PLACE" COMA
Sexual adventurism hooked them.

town's most dynamic executive, David Schuster, was feeling trapped at the office and in a sick second marriage that was turning his lovely, congenitally deaf daughter into a willful mute. And even the last nice teen-age girl in town, Allison MacKenzie (Mia Farrow), was at 18 facing Life: Schuster, she learned, was interested in her for more than her baby-sitting services.

"**Basically Moral.**" But Monash sees "nothing offensive" in such plotting. "Why don't our critics," he asks, "count up what happens in the three hours *King Lear* is on the stage?" Not that ABC is really counting (except its audiences). Its prime defense, enunciated repeatedly by Programming Director Adrian Samish, is that "the show is basically very clean and moral, because wrongdoers are punished." For instance, when the richest boy in town gets the daughter of his father's secretary pregnant, he is compelled to marry her. But then the girl herself breaks the code. She has an accidental miscarriage before the wedding but does not tell him and she gets her punishment—the marriage is annulled.

Keeping solemn tab on the retribu-

ready for what could be "the next step"—four segments a week. All shows are filmed, and the stockpile is kept at 30. Thus, to cover Mia Farrow's absence at sea last week, Allison had an auto accident and fell into a coma, anxiously watched over by Mom (Dorothy Malone) and Dr. Michael Rossi (Ed Nelson). But because of the backlog, viewers will not see this momentous catastrophe until mid-November. And before Mia embarked, *Peyton Place* directors forehandedly shot advance footage of her in a comatose state and found a lie-in double who could almost fool Frank.

Meantime, *Peyton Place*'s 50 million frequenters have enough else to agonize over. Like whether Allison's father will take over the Clarion, and with it, the collateral duty of "the conscience of *Peyton Place*." Or if Dr. Markham can save his marriage, not to mention his life. Or if that other subcharacter, Rita Jacks, really is, as she fears, "no good. Joe kissed me, and when he kissed me—for a second, for a minute—I didn't want to stop . . ." Which, ABC trusts, is the way the viewers will continue to feel about *Peyton Place*.

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The accident happened one morning as the Nesbitts were driving through a small town. Fortunately, no one was hurt. But, with a damaged car, it looked like they would spend their vacation short of Disneyland. Actually, the Nesbitts never really had a problem! When their car was financed, insurance was included. Emmco Insurance Company, a subsidiary of

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U.S. BUSINESS

GOVERNMENT

A Touch of Economicare

With Medicare for oldsters, college loans and classrooms for youngsters and a bag of subsidies for everyone from migratory workers to mass-transit riders, President Johnson's welfare programs will have marked effects on American society. Less discussed but equally significant will be their effect on the U.S. economy. At a time when the economy is doing very well but may need new stimuli in the crucial months ahead, Johnson's flurry of social legislation is bound to have a special economic impact. Part of the Great So-

lition a year in 1960 to nearly \$23 billion today—and will rise further with the new payments.

In approving his third medical-assistance bill in as many weeks, the President last week highlighted another major area that will provide stimulus to the economy. The \$280 million appropriation for federal health facilities, like the earlier Medicare bill and the \$117 million bill for community hospitals and health centers, is, in Johnson's view, "just good business." All three programs will increase sales of medical equipment and drugs and increase the demand for services, notably hospital and physicians' care. Ad-

dition industry, now running 3% ahead of last year, will get an additional stimulant to order steel, concrete and lumber and to hire craftsmen. And, of course, more homes and apartments inevitably mean more money spent on furniture and durables.

The new legislation will generate economic results in two other areas. An education bill to be signed soon will extend federal school-construction aid to secondary and elementary levels, opening the way for up to \$1 billion more in new construction. It will also raise teacher salaries—and spending power—and provide more funds for the textbooks, audio-visual aids and laboratory



SOCIAL SECURITY SHOPPERS



U.S. STEEL'S NEW TRANSIT CAR
"Just good business," said the President.

cietiy is something that could be called Economicare.

More than the Old. The first meaningful impact of the new social programs will come early next month when 20 million people begin receiving the 7% higher social security benefits recently voted by Congress. The average monthly hikes seem modest—\$5 for individual recipients, \$8 for couples—but they will channel \$1.2 billion more into the economy this year and \$117 million a month thereafter. Because the increases are retroactive to Jan. 1, each recipient will collect eight months of bonus in one swoop—amounting among couples in the top bracket to a lump-sum extra of \$492.

Though the average American habitually spends 93% of his income and saves the rest, federal economists expect that some 95% of the social security bonuses will quickly be spent, chiefly on food, clothing, recreation, services and travel. Reason: couples over 65 have an average income of only \$3,376 a year, just half the median for all Americans, therefore usually lay out their entire incomes. Their spending power has risen from \$18 bil-

lion a year in 1960 to nearly \$23 billion today—and will rise further with the new payments.

Bigger Salaries. Thanks to the Housing Act of 1965, which Johnson also signed last week, millions of Americans will find it easier to buy a new house. The act not only authorizes \$7.5 billion more in federal housing expenditures over a four-year period, but creates a whole new FHA loan program for veterans on terms as easy as \$500 down for a \$20,000 house and lot, lowers FHA down payments for all buyers on higher-priced homes, lets the Government underwrite land-purchase and development loans for builders. The Government will provide urban-renewal payments to individual low-income families that want to fix up their own places, will also give low-income families rent supplements that it hopes will encourage the creation of as many as 375,000 new apartments. The construc-

tion industry, now running 3% ahead of last year, will get an additional stimulant to order steel, concrete and lumber and to hire craftsmen. And, of course, more homes and apartments inevitably mean more money spent on furniture and durables.

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MAILING MEDICARE PAMPHLETS

WALL STREET

Those Misleading Averages

Securities men have grumbled for years about the commonly used yardsticks of the stock market's behavior, claiming that they often so exaggerate the ups and downs of prices as to mislead the investing public. Last week the New York Stock Exchange itself joined in the catcalls. In an article in *The Exchange*, its monthly magazine, it blamed the most famous index of them all, the Dow-Jones industrial average, for much of the "pure nonsense" that is written about market trends.

The heart of the problem, said the magazine, is the "tremendous disparity" between point changes in the Dow-Jones average and the dollars-and-cents meaning of those changes. The Dow-Jones index is calculated by totaling the per-share value of 30 blue-chip industrial stocks (among them: A.T. & T., Du Pont, General Motors, General Electric, U.S. Steel), then dividing the sum by a frequently changed divisor—now 2.278—to erase the effect of stock splits and dividends. Thus figured, the Dow-Jones average of those 30 stocks stood at 888.82 at week's end, but their average market price was \$67.50. Complained *The Exchange*: "A one-point change in the D-J equals about 8¢ in the arithmetical average of the stocks. If the D-J advances ten points, immediately there are reports that the market is soaring; the fact is that the stocks have moved up an average of 76¢ a share. If the D-J declines 15 points, we learn that the market is plunging; the fact is that the stocks have lost an average \$1.14 a share."

Despite such faults, admitted the Big Board's publication, the Dow-Jones industrial average remains "pre-eminent due to long usage, historical continuity and the theories built around it." The D-J began in 1897 as an average of the price of twelve stocks, was expanded to 30 stocks in 1928 and has remained at that level since (though some stocks have been added and others dropped, most recently in 1959). Like other respected averages, D-J industrials reflect long-term trends in the market, but, advised the magazine, "on a day-to-day basis, be wary." Despite all the elation for better figures, however, the New York Stock Exchange has so far been cool to suggestions that it do the obvious: issue its own index.

AVIATION

That Other Plane

President Johnson last week asked Congress for \$140 million to continue the development program for a U.S. supersonic transport, but no one is quite sure yet when it will be built or how much of its cost the Government will pay. Such uncertainties do not surround another U.S. plane that may be snapping up the passengers—and the profits

—by the time the supersonics get into the air in the 1970s. The plane: the C-5A, a hulking, 525-m.p.h. military transport that will be able to carry 700 battle-equipped troops or, as a commercial plane, as many as 750 to 1,000 fare-paying civilians, half of the capacity of the liner United States.

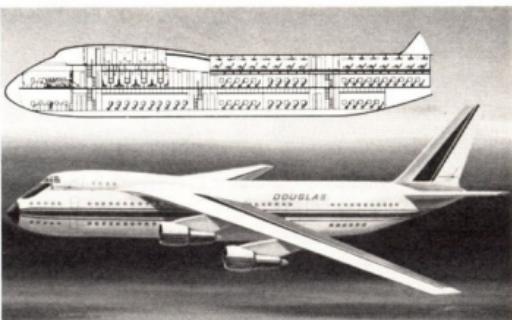
The Government has just given General Electric a go-ahead—worth at least \$1 billion—for the plane's jet engines. The \$1 billion airframe contract will be awarded next month from designs submitted by Boeing, Lockheed and Douglas (the first two of which are also competing for the design of the SST). Present cost of each plane: \$41 million. Contractors will not only reap huge rewards from the contracts they win, but also are likely to have an opportunity to sell a modified version of the plane to the airlines, much

fan jet engine itself." G.E. will build the engine at its Evendale, Ohio, plant, outside Cincinnati. Workers will gradually be shifted from the J79, which has powered the current generation of supersonic fighters and bombers. The Air Force has set up a tight production timetable for the big transport: the first prototype is scheduled to fly in 1967, the first production model in 1968.

RETAILING

Say It With Profits

One proprietor in Manhattan sells Louis XV vases for \$1,000, crystal chandeliers for \$300 a pair and bronze sculptures for \$1,200 apiece; another offers homemade relishes and jams, china eggs, wooden jigsaw puzzles and stuffed animals. Both are florists. The wide variety of their merchandise illus-



DOUGLAS DESIGN FOR CIVILIAN USE OF C-5A
A prospect of bus business.

as Boeing did with the 707, originally a military plane.

Designed to bring U.S. forces into fast action in trouble spots around the world, the C-5A will have 20 wheels to bear its fully loaded weight of 350 tons and its prodigious length—twice that of the Boeing 707. Even while on the drawing board, it is being eyed by the airlines as the key to a vast untapped civilian market. Despite economies brought about by the jets, long-range air fares still remain too high for much of the U.S. population. With its high density seating, the C-5A could drop fares dramatically—40% or more by current estimates—and make air travel in the '70s as common as bus travel is today.

The plane's new G.E. engine will be fully twice as powerful (40,000 lbs. thrust) as any jet now in use and will operate at temperatures up to 2,500° F., 600 to 700° hotter than ordinary jets. Gerhard Neumann, G.E.'s vice president of flight propulsion and the brain behind the new jet, says that its breakthroughs "make it every bit as important as the initial development of the

trates how the nation's 22,000 retail florists are branching out. Last week the 11,600-member Florist Telegraph Delivery Association (which is changing its name to Florist Transworld Delivery to give itself a more international image) voted at its convention in San Francisco to permit its members to sell by wire just about anything they want to.

Cats & Dogs. The business of selling flowers in the U.S. now amounts to more than \$800 million a year. Men still order more flowers than women, send so many on birthdays and anniversaries that many florists now keep card files, mail out reminders each year. The hardy rose remains the perennial bestseller; more than \$30 million worth are sold each year. Flowers arranged and put in vases at the shop are growing rapidly in popularity—partly because overworked nurses no longer have time to arrange the floods of flowers that hospital patients receive each day. Though small arrangements sell best in most parts of the country, the current craze in Manhattan is for flowers made into replicas of animals: poodles are most popular, cats come next, and

at election time elephants and donkeys take over. Florists are constantly going to new lengths in the dyeing of flowers to match the color of party dresses or room décors; in Atlanta, teen-agers have enigmatically made the black-dyed orchid a big selling item. The industry is also pushing the everyday use of flowers in homes and offices, trying to break people of the habit of waiting for an occasion.

Most florists agree that two of the biggest economic threats in years have passed their peak: artificial flowers and the "Please Omit" directive that many families issue when making funeral arrangements. Florists still face mounting competition from big department stores and five and tens, especially in the rapidly expanding market for potted plants. Many of them meet the challenge by offering a wider range of accessories, diversifying into such gift items as statuary, ceramics, candy and perfume. In Dallas, Florist Harry Bullard stocks a large inventory of antiques, which he rents out for house and garden parties, often winds up selling.

Pests & Pools. Easily the fastest-growing retailers in the florist industry are the owners of the nation's 3,500 garden centers, which have upped their sales by more than 30% in the last seven years, today account for better than a third of total industry sales. Manhattan's Goldfarb Flower Shops, Inc., the biggest U.S. florist (1964 sales: \$10.8 million), earns only 8% of its income from its retail shops. Source of almost all the remainder: eight giant garden centers spotted along the East Coast from Maryland to Long Island, which park up to 1,000 cars each and sell everything from insecticides to swimming pools, all with a minimum of overhead.

CORPORATIONS

Into the \$1 Billion Club

Few U.S. companies have grown so big so fast as California's Litton Industries, which started in 1953 as a small maker of radar microwave tubes and has swelled into a 45-division giant focused on science and new technologies. In its 98 U.S. and 43 overseas plants, Litton today makes more than 5,000 products, from nuclear attack submarines to office furniture, employs 63,000 people. Last week it announced record sales of \$914 million for fiscal 1965 (up 33% from last year), declared a 2-for-1 split of its stock and a 21% stock dividend, the sixth in as many years. Even more impressive, Litton is currently running at an annual rate of just above \$1 billion in sales, next year should go above that mark by a comfortable margin to take its place among the top 50 U.S. companies.

Litton owes at least half its growth to its voracious appetite for acquisitions. Since it was founded by Chairman



DOMINION'S MANICURE SET
A future in commonplace luxuries.

Charles B. "Tex" Thornton and President Roy L. Ash, the company has swallowed 50 other corporations—most recently Royal McBee (typewriters and office supplies), Hewitt-Robins (materials-handling equipment) and two small manufacturers of wooden office furniture. After a company joins Litton, it frequently does better than ever. Prodiced into sharper performances by hard-driving Litton management, both McBee (\$113 million a year in pre-merger sales) and Hewitt-Robins (\$76 million) have boosted sales by 30%. Litton's overall sales, 54% of which go into the military market, have got a healthy nudge from the Viet Nam war.

Skeptics have long argued that no company as big as Litton can keep its sales growing at such a dazzling rate as 30% to 50% a year. Tex Thornton disagrees. Though Litton will share its climb into the \$1-billion-a-year rate with at least six other U.S. corporate mammoths, Thornton believes that Litton's exuberant expansion can continue to outstrip the field. "The only danger to the future success of the company," he says, "is men who think they know all the answers. That is the first kind of man we eliminate. He is too stupid to know what he doesn't know."

Wall Street, at least, seems to side with Tex Thornton about Litton's future. Litton stock recovered more rapidly than most from the stock market's mid-June drop; last week, on the news of Litton's performance, it jumped 4½ points to a new high of 991.

INDUSTRY

The New Necessities

The U.S. appliance industry nearly outwitted itself a few years back: it so successfully stocked the American home with its basic wares that it faced a virtually saturated market. It is no longer worried. Appliance makers have opened a new future for themselves with a generation of small appliances that perform tasks most people have been doing by muscle power: electric toothbrushes, shoe polishers, slicing knives, hairbrushes, drink mixers. Sales of small appliances have been rising 18 times



OSROW'S DEFROSTER



NORJAC'S PLATE WARMER

faster than those of major appliances, and 250 companies are competing for an anticipated \$1.5 billion in sales this year. Last week Chicago's Sunbeam Corp., one of the largest U.S. makers of small appliances, showed how strong the trend has become by announcing record quarterly sales of \$44 million and plans to build its third new plant this year.

Clutter of Gimmicks. Sunbeam and its competitors do much of this business in products that were unknown five years ago. Growing affluence and the trend to easier living have stimulated demand for almost everything electric, from cradle rockers to foot warmers. Small appliances also sell well because, unlike a refrigerator or a dishwasher, most are in the \$25-and-under price range and are often bought on impulse. The market is still cluttered with many gimmicks (electric whisk brooms and wastepaper baskets), but it has also made many once-time luxuries commonplace. Sales of ice crushers and combination electric knife sharpeners—can openers are rising steadily; New York's Norjac Co. has done so well with its electric bread and plate warmers that it has just introduced a \$12.95 electric sweater dryer. Dominion has brought out a manicure set and Osrow a refrigerator defroster. The housewife can also get small appliances to buff floors, mash potatoes, peel carrots, and warm her towels.

The greatest successes have been the electric toothbrushes and slicing knives. Like many other of the new appliances, the toothbrush was first dismissed as a gimmick when Olin Mathieson's Squibb Division introduced it in 1960. It has become such a big seller—sales this year will reach 5,000,000—that 34 other companies have rushed to turn it out. When General Electric introduced its slicing knife nearly three years ago, re-

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tailers scoffed; today 32 companies market 103 models, and the total number of electric knives sold is expected to rise to 5,000,000 this year from 1964's 2,500,000.

One Clean Shirt. After an introductory deluge marked by very high sales, small appliances usually level off onto a steady market. The electric hair dryer hit a 9,700,000 peak in 1963, has now settled down to 5,000,000 yearly. To compensate for this leveling-off process, small-appliance makers compete fiercely with one another to bring out new products and improvements. This year half a dozen companies are introducing "salon-type" hair dryers on floor stands. Teflon is being used to coat just about everything from irons to coffee pots, and the long-established blender market has come alive again with the introduction of improved models by Waring, Oster, Ronson and Dormeyer. Miniature washers and dryers that take one shirt or pair of socks at a time, have also appeared; Ronson now makes 25% of its sales in labor-saving devices. As competition in the small-appliance market increases, prices are coming down. General Electric recently reduced the price of its most popular electric knife from \$22.95 to \$18.98 (discount houses have cut it even further, to \$12.44), and Du Pont has come out with a toothbrush for \$9.95.

ADVERTISING

Naming Names

In one of Gillette's current TV commercials, a man's hand appears, sets down a dispenser of Gillette razor blades and—all things—three clearly labeled dispensers of rival Wilkinson, Schick and Personna blades. The hand naturally picks up the package of Gillette after brushing the others aside, but the very appearance of rivals is a departure from tradition. Such direct identification of competition has long been a rarity, and advertisers have gone to almost any length to avoid it. Now a steadily growing number are coming right out and naming names, thus bringing on bad times for Brand X.

Happy Birthday. Dodge dealers in the East and Midwest recently ran a radio campaign that openly wooed "you guys and gals who are bored with Ford." A current magazine ad for Hudson's Bay Scotch shows a dozen other brands, advises that "now that you have acquired a taste for Scotch, you are ready for Hudson's Bay." An ad for Old Grand-Dad bourbon names half a dozen leading competitive brands in wishing them happy birthday "from the head of the family." U.S. Rubber promotes its Royal golf ball by picturing it with four better-known balls and the headline, "The five leading golf balls: only one is registered." This fall American Motors will specifically name competing cars in its new ad campaign as a way of pointing up Rambler features.

Many more advertisers that do not



HUDSON'S BAY SCOTCH AD



GILLETTE TV COMMERCIAL
Bad times for Brand X.

name their rivals in so many words still make it unmistakable where the competition is. When Avis calls itself No. 2, readers know at once that Hertz is No. 1. "There are only two well-known color films in America," begins General Aniline & Film Corp.'s new ad for Anscochrome, thus immediately identifying Kodak as its chief competitor without actually saying so. Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing Co.'s ad for Dynachrome gets the same result by boasting that its color film produces just as good pictures as "the stuff in the yellow box."

Reflected Strength. For such industry leaders as Gillette, naming the competition is largely a matter of reminding consumers that their product sells most and is therefore, by inference, best. Most advertisers who name their competitors, however, are underdogs trying to draw reflected strength from the prestige of their better-known rivals. So far, the ad industry disagrees about the desirability of the new trend. Says Fairfax Cone: "It's bad manners, and I can't believe the public will stand for it." The rivals who get named do not always feel bad about it. MG shows its sports sedan beside a Volkswagen, asks the question: "Popularity contest: Who won?" (MG's answer: In a poll of 28,000 people, Volkswagen, which sells 68.2 cars to MG's one in the U.S., was preferred by three out of five people, a ratio that the less known MG found flattering.) Volkswagen was so delighted by the ad that its advertising manager called up MG to say thanks, and he meant it.

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A Mutual Benefit policy offers six settlement options and guarantees the right to combine these in a plan of settlement best suited to your needs. And, subject only to proof of insurability, you can switch from a high premium plan to a low one at no loss in equity and at no extra cost.

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MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY NEWARK, NEW JERSEY SINCE 1845

WORLD BUSINESS

SOVIET UNION

Are the Jobless Unemployed?

Unemployment has not existed in the Soviet Union since 1930—officially. The Russians are nonetheless finding it harder to ignore the growing number of people who are out of work. The rate is still officially only about 1½% of the work force—largely because of close state control of jobs and much make-work—but that means that more than 1,000,000 workers are out of jobs in a society that claims to take care of all the workers' needs. The figure is much higher if short-term unemployment is included: an estimated 11 million Soviet workers switch jobs each year, each averaging an unpaid layoff of 30 days. The problem has become so serious that for the first time it is being openly discussed in the Soviet Union.

Kitchen Gardeners. Primed by a high postwar birth rate and changes in the Soviet economy, unemployment has become particularly bothersome in Lithuania, Moldavia, Byelorussia, Siberia and in the Central Asiatic Republics. Partly to blame is that old Western bugaboo, automation. When, for instance, Red planners automated the lime and asphalt plants of Leninsk in Tula province, they put half the region's unskilled laborers out of work. The Soviet Union also has a rising number of young people—many of them school dropouts—who are unable to find work because they lack the skills required by modern

industry. Even technical skill is not always a guarantee of a job: 254 graduates of a Moscow machine-tool school and 60 trained radio technicians cannot find jobs in their fields.

The old dodge of opening up land in Siberia is out, because Russians are no longer willing to toil where schools and housing are poor, wages are low and prices twice what they are elsewhere. The result is not only a dwindling influx of pioneers, but a soaring outflow of migrants: close to 1,000,000 in the past seven years. Most of them go to the Caucasus, where they settle down as "kitchen gardeners"—people who farm their own backyards.

More Daring. If they have their way, the followers of Economist Evsei Liberman (TIME cover, Feb. 12), who want to put the Soviet economy on a profit basis, will swell the jobless ranks even more. In *Kommunist*, Economist G. Shubkin recently complained that two workers often shared the same task in 60 Moscow factories he studied. Shubkin's suggestion: with the "inevitable dismissal of this surplus labor," employment agencies should be set up to find jobs for the displaced workers. Liberman Efim Manevich made an even more daring proposal in the journal *Problems of Economics*. He suggested the introduction of unemployment compensation, a relic of capitalism that Stalin abolished 35 years ago. Manevich went on to urge another capitalist-toned remedy. Pointing out that the U.S.S.R. has far fewer retail-sales employees than the U.S.—he figures the number at 16 per 1,000 inhabitants v. 76 per 1,000 for the U.S.—he suggested that increasing service at the counter would not only provide jobs but would also satisfy the growing consumer demands for better service.

BRAZIL

Out of Chaos, Order

Ever since the 19th century days of Emperor Dom Pedro II, the Brazilian stock market has been a scene of chaos. The country's major stock exchange in Rio de Janeiro has been presided over by a closed group of 40 brokers who passed their seats on the *bolsa* down through their families, collected such lucrative commissions on currency-exchange transactions that they had little incentive to push stock purchases. Long confined to only two hours a day, the trading sessions usually took place amid such bedlam that little serious business was ever accomplished. In recent years, taxes of up to 85% on dividends and Brazil's runaway inflation have made the stock market less and

less attractive to investors. Only three months ago, daily trading volume on the Rio exchange fell to practically zero for many leading companies.

Then came a sudden and dramatic change. Last week, having broken all records in July, daily trading volume advanced to 1,626,447 shares, and daily sales topped \$1,000,000 for the first time in history. Main reason: a new capital-market reform bill that Brazilian President Humberto Castello Branco signed into law last month. The law sets up an equivalent of the Securities and Exchange Commission by empowering the central bank to discipline the market, allows new brokers to enter the previously closed exchange, requires firms trading on the market to publish regular and reliable financial statements, and cuts dividend taxes to 25%.

Schooled in Scandal. Besides reforming the chaotic stock market, the law will also rid Brazil by 1967 of its greatest source of recent financial scandals: the so-called parallel market, which deals in short-term, high-yield (up to 6% a month) promissory notes backed only by the reputation of the companies that issue them. Investors have snapped them up anyway, built the parallel market into a flourishing \$250 million-a-year business that has supported much of the country's economic growth over the last five years.

When the Castello Branco regime began putting the brakes on inflation a year ago, Brazilians discovered just how precarious much of that growth had been. Since the slowdown began, several hard-pressed companies have moved to delay payment of or renege on their outstanding debts on the parallel market, leaving thousands of investors holding \$37 million in unredeemed notes. By now schooled in scandal, Brazilian investors have pulled out of the parallel market in great numbers, resuming investing heavily in stocks.

The Big Bust. The biggest scandal of the parallel market involved the Brazilian subsidiary of Germany's huge Mannesmann steel company, which two months ago, to the shock of stockholders, repudiated more than \$14 million worth of outstanding notes, claiming that two former directors had issued them without authorization. Angry investors took the company to court, and a legal bankruptcy action is under way. The government has placed responsibility for the notes squarely on Mannesmann, arrested one of the former directors, brought in President Sigmund Weiss for questioning. It is pushing for complete reorganization of the company's board of directors. Brazil's central bank is expected to ask holders of Mannesmann notes to register them, may reach a settlement this week whereby note holders would be issued debentures convertible to Mannesmann stock.



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You can clean it with a scrunched-up paper towel.
This is Corfam.[®]

CORFAM^{*} is the wipe-and-wear new shoe upper material from Du Pont. It'll collect dirt and dust just like any other shoe. The difference is, CORFAM wipes clean. A dampened paper towel will do the trick. It'll even take off

caked-on mud. One once-over, and your shoe emerges well-groomed from heel to toe. Naturally, CORFAM can be shined in the conventional manner too, if you wish. Of course, easy care is only one of the many benefits of CORFAM. It also repels water.

Resists scuffs extraordinarily well. Holds its shape better. And it's very supple. And is up to one-third lighter in weight. And, most important, CORFAM breathes for your foot comfort. You can find CORFAM in shoes crafted by America's top designers. Ask for it, by name.

CORFAM

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MILESTONES

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Here experienced investors look for "beginning stocks" that show unusual potential for growth.

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In short, the over-the-counter market is all things to all kinds of investors.

And yet, surprisingly enough, it's a market that is completely overlooked by many security owners.

Why? Because it's something of a mystery to them. Because they can't quite comprehend a market that operates without a marketplace. Because they don't understand how dealers arrive at security prices through bargaining by phone or teletype rather than negotiating on the floor of an exchange.

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Born. To Vic Damone, 37, nightclub crooner, and Judy Rawlins, 29, sometime actress; their first child, a daughter (he has a son by First Wife Pier Angeli); in Los Angeles.

Married. Jane Fonda, 27, Henry's leggy daughter (*Cat Ballou*); and Roger Vadim, 37, French director (*Circle of Love*), Svengali to three cinematic beauties (Brigitte Bardot and Annette Stroyberg, both of whom he married, and Catherine Deneuve); he for the third time; at the Dunes Hotel in Las Vegas.

Divorced. Byron Janis, 37, virtuoso U.S. concert pianist; by June Dickson-Wright, 33, daughter of British Surgeon Arthur Dickson-Wright; on grounds of incompatibility; after eleven years of marriage, one child; in Juárez, Mexico.

Died. Shirley Jackson, 45, master of séance fiction, author of *The Lottery*, chilling tale of a 20th century New England village's annual rite of human sacrifice, and dozens more stories and novels (*Hangaman*, *We Have Always Lived in the Castle*) so horrific that it always surprised readers to learn that all this came from a contented wife and good-humored mother of four who could with equal facility poke gentle fun at her home life in two rollicking Jean Kerr-like novels (*Raising Demons*, *Life Among the Savages*); of a heart attack; in North Bennington, Vt.

Died. Just Lunning, 55, president since 1952 of Georg Jensen, Manhattan emporium of Scandinavian silver, ceramics and furnishings founded by his father in 1923, a Harvard-educated lawyer from Odense, Denmark, who so successfully promoted the clean and simplified lines of modern Scandinavian design that they have found their way into almost every U.S. home, increasing his store's sales by 55%; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Gracie Bowers Pfost, 59, Democratic Congresswoman from Idaho's First District (northern panhandle of the state) from 1952 to '62, a sizzling redhead who delighted in challenging men to rodeo and log-riding events, served ably as her state's first woman Representative, specializing in federal land projects, but lost to Incumbent Republican Len Jordan in a 1962 bid for a Senate seat; of Hodgkin's disease; in Baltimore, Md.

Died. Hayato Ikeda, 65, Prime Minister of Japan from 1960 to 1964, a talented economist who as Vice-Minister and later Minister of Finance and International Trade guided Japan's postwar economic recovery almost continuously since 1947, pursuing his ex-

pansionist program as Prime Minister with a promise to double per capita income within ten years, until in 1961 Japan had the world's highest growth rate (18.9%) but also a record \$1.5 billion trade deficit and the beginnings of a recession; of pneumonia, following surgery for throat cancer; in Tokyo.

Died. Jeanette Barr Derby Cuthbert, 70, known to the fashion world as Jane Derby, designer since 1930 of dresses for petite mature women, herself a diminutive (5 ft.) Virginia socialite who over the years turned out an elegant line of high fashion and ready-to-wear, usually trimmed with bows, was most popular for her "little" black crepe dress that could see a woman from afternoon into evening; of a heart attack; in Bermuda.

Died. Sir John Hanbury-Williams, 73, longtime (1946-62) chairman of Courtaulds, Ltd., Britain's largest manufacturer of synthetic fibers (sales: \$840 million), who as managing director in the 1930s led the firm into the production of nylon and cellophane, saw it fall on hard times in the 1950s with stiffer competition and declining sales, barely staved off a takeover bid by Britain's giant Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., in his last year as chairman; of cancer; in London.

Died. Jesse William Shields, 78, one of the U.S. rubber industry's most inventive engineers, who directed physical research first at Goodyear and later at Firestone, in 1932 conceived a low-pressure pneumatic tractor tire that proved a major boon to farming, during World War II developed hard-rubber tracks for U.S. and British tanks, and a foam plastic float used to transport vehicles ashore in the Okinawa landing; of chronic lung disease; in Wilmington, Del.

Died. William Gallacher, 83, former president of Britain's small (some 35,000 members) Communist Party and longtime Member of Parliament (1935-50), a loud, irascible Scotsman who thrived on baiting other speakers, in 1947 caused an enraged Winston Churchill to yell "Shut up, Moscow," to which Gallacher retaliated "Voice of Wall Street," eventually lost his seat to a Laborite; of cancer; in Paisley, Scotland.

Died. Percy Hamilton Clark, 91, patriarch of the Philadelphia Main Line Clarks, uncle of Pennsylvania's Democratic Senator Joseph S. Clark and father of New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller's ex-wife, Mary Todhunter Clark, himself a lawyer and former senior partner of Clark, Spahr, Eichman & Yardley; of a heart attack; in Villanova, Pa.

Slipper socks to wear—and keep.



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Drinks "à la carte" . . . dinner, too.



Fruit basket and cheese tray.



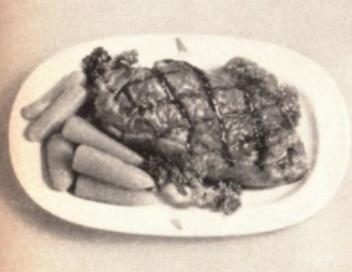
Souvenir Kokeshi dolls.



Free travel kit . . . his or hers.



Choice liqueurs.



Gourmet dinner served on fine china.



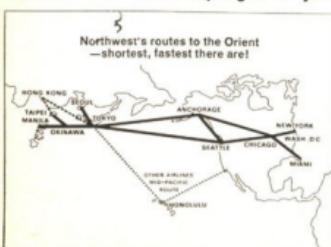
Elegant silver service.



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10 tempting new reasons to fly Northwest when you fly to the Orient.

Another reason—most tempting of all—your trip is 2,000 miles shorter.



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CINEMA

Spanish Passion

The Moment of Truth, made in Spain with an Italian-language sound track, charts the rise and fall of a great bullfighter in terms of bitter economic necessity. The hero is played by Spanish Matador Miguel Mateo, 26, known to *aficionados* as Miguelin, who gives the role a surly, feverish immediacy that sometimes lacks subtlety but never lacks sting.

The quasi-fictional Miguelin has no dream of glory at the outset. A spunky, mop-topped Andalusian peasant, he flees the arduous life on his father's farm, drifts into that gypsy band of hot-eyed hopefuls who haunt every Spanish bull ring, courting fame with a scarlet muleta. Before a bull's horns end his short unhappy career, he attains wealth, loneliness, a retinue of greedy hangers-on, a house for his mother, a fast convertible and faster women—one a sleek, actressy adventuress named Linda, who takes her matadors at their peak, and is played, in a brief and startlingly persuasive performance, by Linda Christian.

Moment gives this conventional plot the classic simplicity of folk art. Gianni di Venanzio's vibrant color photography uncovers the temper of Spain among black-hooded worshipers at a religious festival, among whores and homosexuals in the slums of Barcelona, in the face of a proud old taskmaster whose dingy urban cellar houses a school for stripping *toreros*. In one sequence,

the disconsolate Miguelin wanders through a sere, light-washed Spanish landscape while threshers fill the air with a blizzard of pale yellow grain.

Such scenes are a needed respite from many matchless closeups at the arena where the hero, his mouth pursed in a kiss of defiance, struts arrogantly before the bulls, finally coaxes his frothing and bloodied adversaries to die at his feet. Though Italian Director Francesco Rosi intends a social protest against a contest in which both man and beast are sacrificed to the mob, he instead brings forth a film of brutal and paralyzing beauty, quickened with all the ancient, raging instincts that make a deadly art endure.

Belabored Muse

Rotten to the Core, Halfway through this eccentric British comedy about a pack of bumbling criminals, moviegoers whose memories reach back a decade or so are apt to grow nostalgic and inquire rhetorically: *Guinness, anyone?* *Rotten* invites comparison to Sir Alec's memorable extralegal capers in *The Man in the White Suit* and *The Lavender Hill Mob*, but its low-jinx omits such essentials as wit, slyness and style.

In the rogues' gallery currently at hand are three idiotic young jailbirds fresh out of prison and admonished to "limit yourselves to a little honest pilfering." They are quickly embroiled in hijacking a train, kidnaping a German NATO general, and grabbing a payroll of about £1,000,000. Mastermind of



RODGERS IN "ROTTEN"
Guinness, anyone?

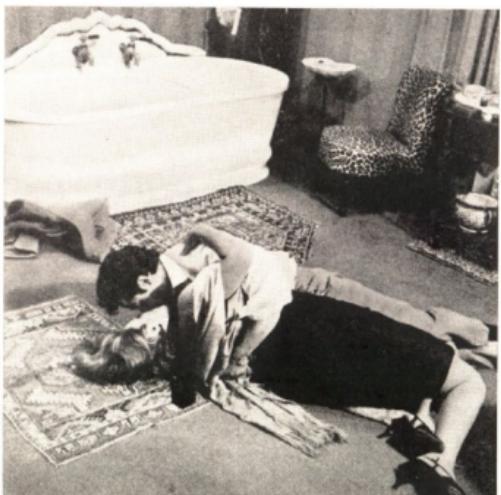
the scheme is a bespectacled genius (Anton Rodgers) who operates a crime school fronting as a nature clinic where dotty old ladies imbibe mineral water laced with gin. Rodgers' girl friend (Charlotte Rampling) is a pert socialite making her criminal debut as the temptress assigned to dazzle a lieutenant of the armed guards, though much of her wickedness is spent in murdering the Queen's English with such nauseous effusions as "how rave-making" or "supremo!" All of *Rotten*'s cast labors mightily. But on recent evidence, England's humor of idiosyncrasy is dead or in *extremis*, for nothing so dampens the spirit as to see the muse of comedy working up a sweat.

Fractional Thriller

Agent 8½, To make a contemporary spy thriller without sneaking in a nod to James Bond would apparently be an unthinkable breach of custom. In *Agent 8½*, the amenities are ticked off with ease when Robert Morley, as an epineptic intelligence chief, routes Bond's records into a file drawer marked "Deceased." That takes care of 007, but leaves 8½ with only fractional assets.

Needing a dupe to carry out a delicate mission in Prague, Morley hires an unpublished writer (Dirk Bogarde). "I'd be a lot happier if he'd been to a decent school," says Morley's aide in dour appraisal of the new man. Bogarde believes that he is a trade representative sent to pick up a message from a Czechoslovakian glass factory. Instead he picks up the Communist intelligence chief's voluptuous daughter (Sylva Koscina), one of those girls to whom defection and seduction are practically synonymous. Of course, the two fall in love and run into difficulties that lead them from bed to glassworks to a public swimming pool, and other colorful local settings.

Though some of their adventures stir excitement, 8½ never quite makes up its mind whether to be a spoof or a spintangler. But just before the giddy lovers emplane for England, Morley offers a verdict about the plot. He assures everyone that the sought-after secret document was only a scrap of paper, and the whole business just a routine bit of counterespionage. Precisely.



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BOOKS

Man's Fealty

THOMAS by Shelley Mydans. 439 pages. Doubleday. \$5.95.

Probably no man of the 12th century has had more meaning for intellectuals of the 20th than Thomas Becket. Humble-born in London's Cheapside, Becket rose high in the world to become Chancellor of England under his fast friend and boon companion, King Henry II. Becket served his king by curbing the power of the lawless barons, and Henry then had him appointed Archbishop of Canterbury in order to curb the power of the clergy. Instead, Becket switched allegiance from King to God. His relevance for moderns is in his martyrdom and its unanswered questions: Where does a man's loyalty lie and, once



SHELLEY MYDANS

Then, silken sounds of conspiracies.

pledged, does it require even the surrender of life?

Saxon Rebel. Poets from Tennyson to T. S. Eliot have struggled with the problem of Becket. In *Murder in the Cathedral*, Eliot maintained that "Christian martyrdom is no accident" but an act prearranged either by God or the doomed man. France's Jean Anouilh built his play *Becket* more on the love-hate relationship of the king and archbishop, but also claimed that Becket was a Saxon rebel against England's Norman overlords. To Poet Christopher Fry, in *Curtainante*, King Henry was the tragic hero and focus of the play; Becket vanishes from sight after his murder in the second act.

Undaunted by the list of her great predecessors, Author Shelley Mydans, wife of Photographer Carl Mydans, again tells the story in this new book, subtitled "a novel of the life, passion and miracles of Becket." It is still a

rousing tale, filled with pomp and circumstance, tumultuous with the hacking blades of knights in battle, and silken with conspiracies that range from London to Rome.

Ritual Murder. All of Becket's biographers have been borrowers, and Shelley Mydans is no exception. Through judicious, and admitted, dippings into Dr. Margaret Murray's books on medieval witchcraft, she throws a shadowy net of the supernatural around her story, suggesting that Henry II's great-uncle, King William Rufus, died in a ritual cabalistic murder in a sacred wood, and strongly hinting that Henry himself was doing the Devil's work as much as Becket was doing God's. Since *Thomas* is fiction, not history, Author Mydans need not apologize for her liberties. Nor for her writing, which is smooth when Becket walks in piety and muscular when he is routing the chivalry of France for his king.

Royal Raptor

THE GOLDEN EAGLE by Robert Murphy. 157 pages. Dutton. \$3.95.

In the human imagination, the eagle has long been more a symbol than a bird. It was celebrated by the Egyptians as the bird of the sun, the lion of the sky. It was known to the Greeks as the emissary of Zeus, and blamed in their legends for the death of Aeschylus—an eagle, the story goes, mistook the bald head of the dramatist for a stone and dropped a turtle on it. It is most familiar to Americans as the heraldic symbol on the U.S. Seal of State. But the real-life eagle beggars all symbolic descriptions, and of all the species that survive, the most impressive is the golden eagle.

In this elegant little piece of nature literature, Author Robert Murphy (*The Pond*, *The Peregrine Falcon*) describes the life of one golden eagle from the day she leaves the nest in Colorado to the day she sinks her beak into the poisoned carcass of a ewe. Only two years intervene, but in that limited lifetime she accomplishes almost everything the species was designed to do. In describing what she does, Author Murphy, a man who can think like a scientist and write like a bird, manages to produce both a fascinating tale and a veritable encyclopedia of the eagle.

Items: a full-grown female of the species measures a full 3 ft. from top to tail, and her wings spread 7 ft. and more; the male, or tiercel, is smaller by a third. The golden eagle's foot is longer than a man's hand, and its talons are as sharp as a razor. Its eye, a miracle of natural engineering, focuses simultaneously upon every point in its field of vision. It can soar above the highest Rockies and power-dive upon its prey at more than 120 m.p.h. Its



GOLDEN EAGLE

Now, the status of a clay pigeon.

prey of preference are small animals and large birds, but it sometimes kills a bobcat or a coyote. In Asia it has long been trained to stoop at antelope, and in medieval Europe it was flown at wolves—but only from the wrists of kings.

In contemporary America, however, the royal raptor has about the same status as a clay pigeon. With the cynical and inaccurate excuse that it is a menace to both man and beast, the golden eagle has been poisoned, trapped, nest-robbed, and pursued in planes by hot-shots taking potshots until the North American variant of this noble species stands in imminent danger of extinction.

A Man Abused

WARD 7 by Valeriy Tarsis. 159 pages. Dutton. \$3.50.

If there is ever another Russian revolution, Valeriy Tarsis may be remembered as its Tom Paine. In 1960, after years of private opposition to the Communist regime, the 53-year-old Ukrainian wrote a novel, *The Bluebottle*, that contained an angry attack on the Soviet tyranny and a vigorous defense of human liberty; smuggled out of Russia, it was published in England late in 1962. The Kremlin reacted swiftly. On the assumption, officially expressed by Khrushchev, that anyone who dislikes life in the Soviet Union must be a "lunatic," Author Tarsis was committed to a mental hospital.

Intellectuals in the West made widely publicized protests, and eight months later Tarsis was released. He proceeded promptly to make the most of his martyrdom by writing a full report on his life in the political loony bin. Published last spring in Britain, *Ward 7* was analyzed by the Western press with melancholy fascination as an up-to-date treatise on thought control in the Soviet Union (TIME, May 21). Published this

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HEINEKEN IMPORTED BEER

week in the U.S., the book may surprise the reader who expects nothing more than a political document—it is also a work of art. Admittedly, it is not much of a novel; the form of fiction was obviously adopted as a device to protect the innocent from police reprisal. It is, however, a lyric celebration of the rights of man, a spiritual testament of depth and beauty, a cry of pain from the soul of a brave and decent man indecently abused.

Of his hero, who is unmistakably himself, Author Tarsis writes: "He found it unbearably painful to live. The only way of life offered him was intolerable, unworthy of men, fit only for insects. What was at stake was not a political régime but the one all-important issue: whether man as an individual, as a person, is to exist or not. All around him were faces exposed by sleep or contorted by nightmares; he alone was awake. It is always hard to be the only one awake, and it is almost unbearable to stand the third watch of the world in a madhouse, when it seems as if the whole world were insane and dragging one down with it into insanity. He thirsted for action, he saw it as sacramental. His duty as a writer was to speak new words, to add to the revelation, to point the way for others."

The Obvious East

DIARY OF A MAD OLD MAN by Junichiro Tanizaki. 177 pages. Knopf, \$3.95.

"When lovely women come to my home I get too excited to work," confessed Junichiro Tanizaki; "but lingering memories of them put me in finest form as a writer. Then I really write." When he died two weeks ago at 79, Author Tanizaki (*The Makioka Sisters, The Key*) had gathered his lingering memories into 119 novels that celebrate sexual pleasure and the divine loveliness of woman, established their author as Japan's leading contemporary novelist.

His final book, the *Diary*, is the journal of an impotent, wealthy old invalid who lives only for the pleasure of sexual stimulation. He gets more than he needs from his flashy daughter-in-law, a former chorus girl who drives an English car, buys French lace gloves, and wears her hair in an American permanent wave. She teases him, pleases him, lets him fondle her feet, peek at her in the shower, towel her back, suck on her toes. In payment for these pleasures she buys her extravagant presents and lets her run his household. At the last, the excitement proves too much and he suffers a stroke.

According to Author Tanizaki, a man's usefulness is confined solely to his function as a slave of or a glorifier of woman. It is not entirely clear, reading between the ideographs, what this book may mean to the Japanese. But for the Western reader, it is just another sex novel peppered with perversions.



Chimbote, Peru



Chimbote, Peru two years after the Peace Corps

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Washington, D.C. 20525.



"What I Have Saw"

A STOVE-UP COWBOY'S STORY by James Emmet McCauley. 76 pages. Southern Methodist University. \$5.

"I was borned on the 14th day of August 1873, in Anderson County, Lone Star State. My parents be poor like Job's turkey. But my first memory was to ride a stick horse and my first wishes and desires was to be a wild and woolly cowboy."

A wild and woolly cowboy that little boy became, and many years later, encouraged by Folk Singer John Lomax, the old wrangler rustled up a stub pencil to scribble off the story of "what I have saw." Published locally in 1943 and now nationally for the first time, *A Stove-Up Cowboy's Story* comes jacking off the page with all the red-eyed energy of the life it describes. Jim McCauley wrote as he talked, and he talked Texas with a wild and wheezy wit that makes these pages twang as they turn, and sounds like Will Rogers when he still smelled of horse. His story is oral literature at its best.

Holler Calf Rope. "It was natural for me to be mean," McCauley confesses contentedly, and at 14 he was much too mean for East Texas. One day he tangled with an older and stronger boy. "I was about ready to holler calf rope when his knife fell out of his pocket. I slammed it into his hip and started for the setting sun." Somewhere west of Jacksboro, Jim stopped running and took his first job as a cowboy: trail hand on a cattle drive to Montana. At 15, he pulled a man's weight on the job, running all night with the stampeding herd and even swimming the notorious Yellowstone River ("'Tis such a suck to it that to sink is a gone fawn skin") with his bunch of cattle.

The work was hard, McCauley recalls, but the company was cheerful. After a rugged day on the trail, there was hot grub and mescal liquor to pleasure a person, and down Mexico way there were bullfights too—though it did "look like a man was getting tolerable low to fight a duel with a bull when he could easily get out of it."

Now and then the cowpoke got to a big city, San Francisco was his favorite. In the funniest passage in the book, McCauley describes how a country boy behaved in one of the elegant restaurants there. "I saw I had overjumped my pile but I looked wise, told the waiter to bring me a steak about the size of a mule's lip from the ear down and to put in a few more things that would fill up, like fried eggs. I did the best I could to get on the outside of all of it. Asked what I owed them. Said \$2.50. Called the proprietor. He come in with a collar so high he had to set down quick or it would have cut his ears off. I told him that down in Texas I could get all I could eat for 25¢, and as long as the court knows herself I'd eat some-

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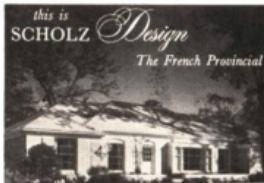
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where else. I thought they would throw me out, but I reached for my old standby and they didn't dare."

There were perils as well as pleasures. Once, while riding along through Arizona's Skeleton Canyon, McCauley ran into a passel of Apaches. "They fired and my horse fell. I fired twice and two of them fell from their horses, but the balance was after me. As they went by in a lop I let one more of them out of his saddle. All day long I layed flat on them rocks with the sun baking me. Oh, how I did want water! But I love my life better than water."

Lost Time Out. Accidents were more frequent and more troublesome than Indians. At least three horses threw

C. F. CLARK



COWBOY McCUALEY
Life better than water.

McCauley and then "kindly" contrived to fall on top of him. At 30, he was a badly stove-up cowboy, and he knew he would never ride the range again. A doctor in Fort Worth finally noticed that McCauley had "a prostatic abscess as large as two fists," and three major operations put him on his feet again. "I've been married now three years," he concludes, "and I have 320 acres of land and two little ones to bless our home and it would take \$5,000 to get me to move."

Not long before his death in 1943 he wrote a letter to Lomax that adds a touching peroration to his tale: "Tis hard to quit the wild free life where you have to feel if your closest friend is still on your hip and wonder where you are going to get your next water, and if your old horse will make in, and to make the Mexico line and get back without any holes in your hide—that is real living, that is sport, but 'tis the violent kind and lots of people love it beyond a doubt." Beyond a doubt.

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A color photograph of a man and a woman posing together. The woman is leaning against the man, both are smiling. Between them on a table is a bowl of fruit. The man is wearing a dark suit and holding a glass of whisky. The woman is wearing a patterned dress.

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